MARCH 4 — 10, 1978

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Eve's Weekly

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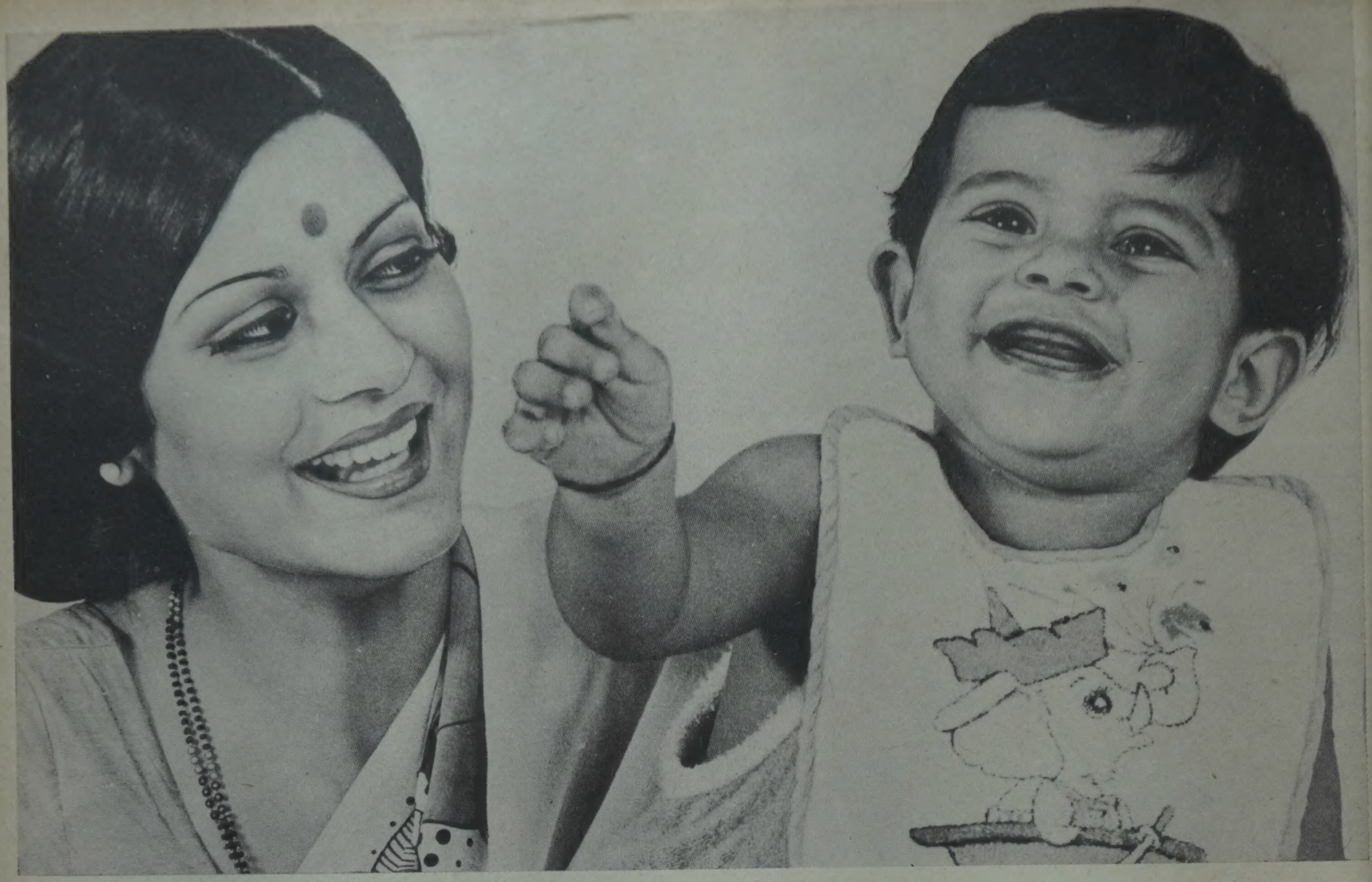

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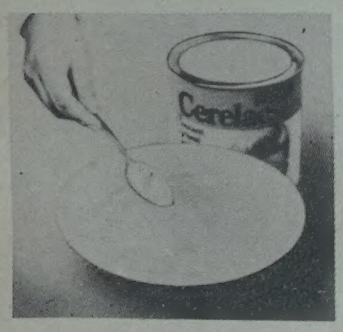

Add Cerelac to pre-boiled water

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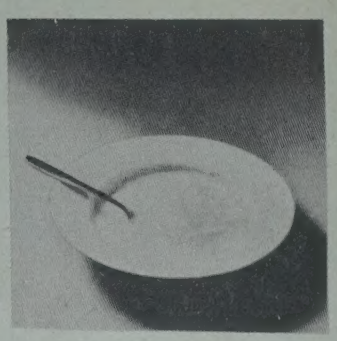

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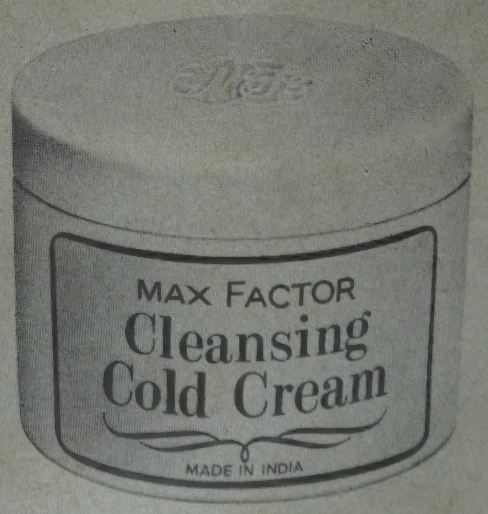

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KAVITA GULATI

Pretty, twinkle-eyed Kavita is an amiable and charming teenager. Born in Dalmianagar, Kavita came to Bombay, where she studied at the Apostolic Carmel Convent and passed with distinction. Presently doing her First Year Junior College in Science at St. Xavier's College, Kavita is anxious to take up architecture or Computer Technology as a career. Modelling is also one of her ambitions.

Kavita has a wide variety of hobbies, which include dramatics, fine arts, social service and philately. Her love for travelling has taken her all over India and abroad. Regarding matrimony, she has "no intention for at least six-seven years," but when she does, she would like to have an arranged-cum-love marriage which will keep everyone happy.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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this week

ADOPTION MAY BE THE ANSWER

There are over a million destitute children without home, food and love, and there are any number of lonely couples without children. The answer, obviously, is adoption. Why then are there so few? Because our rigid caste system, outdated social customs and laws limit the choice open for adoption.

Page 9.

THE KUAN-YIN FOUNDATION

This Canadian organisation, named after the Buddhist goddess of mercy, believes that no child is unadoptable; there are only children who are not adopted. It helps the maimed and the sick and the unwanted to find homes where they can enjoy their birthright to be wanted and loved.

Page 12.

INDIAN CHILDREN ABROAD

Why do foreigners adopt Indian children, travelling all the way to India and overcoming the daunting complexity and delays of our laws governing adoption? How do the children adjust to life in a totally different country and different milieu?

Pages 13 and 15.

AIWC GOLDEN JUBILEE

The event that brought delegates from all over India to Patna where the Jubilee was celebrated. But they were all from cities and mostly from the upper crust. So the question arose among the sceptics as to how effective they can be in ameliorating the condition of rural women who, after all, bear the main burden of backwardness.

Page 19.

ALSO:

Lavender bags to keep your clothes safe and fragrant — **Page 21.** That Special Date: Fashions for the Young —**Page 24.** Cookery—the many ways with tuna fish — **Page 28.** Shabana Azmi —through her mother's eyes — **Page 37.** Ananda and Tanushree Shankar create an audio-visual sensation — **Page 41.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page and Horoscope/**7**, True Confessions/**26**, Story/**33**, Children's Page/**38**, People Known and Unknown/**39**, Frankly Speaking/**43**, People and Events/**44**, World of Eve/**49**, Hi Ya Honey/**46.**

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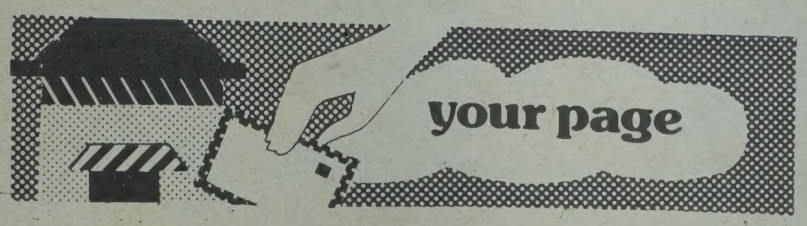


Do you have anything to say? Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

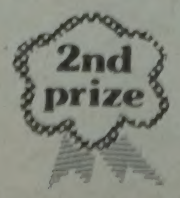
UNCARING CHILDREN

In more than one magazine article, I have read that parents should not expect gratitude or anything else from their children when they grow up. I think this is bad advice. If our children do not look after us, who will?

It might be all right in Western countries where there are homes for the aged. People over there have no time for parents as they all work and are preoccupied with money, success and their own children. In our country how many women work outside the home so that they cannot find time to care for their aged parents? With the help of servants, parents can and should be looked after by their own children. Who would have the heart to cast out their parents in their old age and cause them pain and unhappiness, except the very, very selfish and the callous? Don't these young people realise that they also will grow old one day and will want their children to care for them?

P. Pathak, Bangalore

We do feel that, under most circumstances, children should look after their aged parents. At the same time, we would not advise old people to expect this as a matter of right. Married couples, in these trying times, have their own domestic problems and it would not be fair to add to their burdens. We send our children to stay and study in the West, with great glee and pride. But, if they return home with Western concepts, we don't like it. Anyway, Homes for the Aged will come — and stay.



MAN IN DANGER?

With all the talk about Women's Lib, man's status as the bread-winner seems to be in potential danger.

demand, though once a cry in the wilderness, has now resulted in an increased number of divorces in the West, with the East slowly, yet steadily, catching up. Let us hope, this equality is not replaced by superiority, when women will be demanding higher wages and a higher status than men and—God forbid—the right to be the boss of the house. Then, with man's ego wounded, we will have a broken home almost at every door.

Worse still, a day might come when women will expect their hubbies to stay at home and look after their children while they are off to work. Thus, with lack of 'motherly love' the years to come will see many more homes for the aged. We will also have to increase the number of ladies' compartments in trains, or even have a separate men's compartment, with the rest for ladies. There will be many female bus-drivers and conductors and perhaps lesser accidents. Women leaders will be running the cabinet in nearly all the countries and let's hope that with this 'feminine touch' there are fewer wars.

S. M. Bhat, Bombay

You seem to be blowing hot and cold! You are fearful of "female superiority", yet you feel that the feminine touch will benefit all nations.

PROXIMITY BLUES

I have been observing a definite and peculiar behaviour on the part of the fair sex in cinema halls, as regards sitting next to an unknown man. Whenever a couple discovers that their allotted seats are sandwiched between others it can be predicted with 100 per cent accuracy that the female partner will prefer to be seated next to another woman, if there is one; sometimes they even manipulate the sitting arrangement by requesting others

This type of behaviour is observed even in the progressive-looking and fashionably-dressed women. Does this mean that our so-called elite and modern women are really conservative in their thinking? Or is it that all this talk of women's lib has made no dent in their attitudes?

A. P. Rajashekhar, Ahmedabad

Before jumping to conclusions, you should examine the reasons for such "peculiar" behaviour. Most husbands do not like their wives sitting next to another man. The more conservative women themselves do not like it — they have been brainwashed into believing it's a "bad" thing to do. As for the mods, they don't really care. But, it often happens that the neighbouring male has wandering elbows and inquiring knees. What do you expect the woman to do — create a scene every time?

T. V. vs CULTURE

The practice of showing old films on T. V. is a laudable effort. But to show them on Sunday evenings cuts into the cultural functions on the one evening of this day of rest and recreation when we can attract our patrons to the precious heritage of music, dance and theatre performances.

Is it not possible to shift the day or the time of showing these old films? Is it too much to ask the T. V. authorities to make the change and help the cause of Culture to which they pay homage and owe their existence?

S. S. Batlivala, President Federation of Cultural Organisations, Bombay.

The Sunday evening film is free entertainment, in the most congenial of circumstances. Often the whole family sees it together, where as it is not always possible to buy tickets for the entire family for a cultural evening. Besides, we do feel that those really interested in cultural programmes will readily forego the

K. H. Shroff

For the week Feb. 25 — March 3

ARIES (March 21 — April 19) Delayed and unfinished jobs are completed. Home and love life happy, financial gains likely. Favourable days: 8,9.

TAURUS (April 20 — May 21) Good results from social life. Artists connected with music and with an emotional character gain fame. Favourable days: all days.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) Disappointment in hopes of position or job. Journeys likely to be postponed. Do not reveal your affairs or take advice. Favourable days: 6,7.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Status goes up. Relatives help in home affairs. Benefits likely to accrue from travelling and correspondence. Favourable days: 8,9.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) Saturn limits your efforts to solve problems. Wait until next week and take care of health. Drive slow. Favourable days: 9,10.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Good response from friends and partners in new assignments. Single persons get married. Good week for press, publicity and writing people. Favourable days: 4,5.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Unfavourable for changing present position, new enterprises and negotiations, but journeys and overseas contacts beneficial. Favourable days: 6,7.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Honour and higher income for artists likely. Good emotional response, but avoid extremes. Favourable days: 8,9.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Expectations of quick results only partly fulfilled, but hard work rewarded next week. Luck in home life. Favourable days: 9,10.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Better health and higher status. Right action brings quick money. Opposite sex responds to your romantic dash. Favourable days: all days.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Your idealism thwarted at home and in profession, but new friends help. Separative trend may prove beneficial. Favourable days: 9,10.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) The sun is favourable to you, and good luck will mark this week. Stimulating for artists.

What every woman should know about blood and iron loss.

Doctors say that as a woman you need twice as much iron as a man.

And here's what happens if you don't get it.

With your monthly loss of blood, you also lose iron.
If you don't make up this iron loss regularly, you could start feeling tired, irritable and unable to give your family all the love and care they need.
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ADOPTION can be the answer

There are more than a million destitute children, and so many childless couples in India, yet why are adoptions so few? Our caste system and social customs are the main obstacles

Vera Sharma

The idea of adopting children is nothing new in India. It has been in practice since ancient times. In fact, strangely enough, one finds that the attitude to adoption in the remote past was both more liberal and human. For instance, take this story from our epics.

Janaka, King of Mithila, was an ideal ruler. In the Bhagavad Gita, Shri Krishna cites Janaka as an illustrious example of the Karma Yogi. While ploughing a chosen site for the performing of a yagna, he saw among the shrubs a baby divinely beautiful. Since he was childless, he accepted the infant as the Goddess Earth's gift to him. Taking the child in his arms, he went to his wife and said. "Here is a treasure for us! I found this child on the yagna site and we shall make it our own." His wife joyfully consented. This child was Seeta, later to become wife of Rama, and a model for Hindu women for generations to come. Seeta was, in fact, a foundling.

When pondering on this story, one is struck by the enlightened attitude of the King and Queen. They did not stop to think from which caste the child had sprung, or what people would say. Unfortunately, this is not the case today. Couples hesitate to adopt children from unknown backgrounds for a multitude of reasons. They feel they can't accept a child whose parents' religion they do not know. They feel they may be bringing into their midst a child with criminal tendencies. Therefore, most Hindus who are desirous of adopting a child, turn to a near or distant relative

who has been blessed with a number of sons. Here again, few people choose to adopt a girl. They never stop to think that when they adopt, it should be a double fulfilment, namely that an orphan finds parents and a childless couple a child.

In India, the present legal position with regard to adoption is also a strange one. Only Hindus can adopt a child. All other communities are allowed to take a child under the Guardians and Wards Act of 1890 for foster care.

Adoption among Hindus was usually practised in order to achieve specific aims, and rarely as an act of compassion or because of the desire to have a child. The main reasons were protection in old age, perpetuation of the family name, security of the family property and the solemnization of the last rites of the father. The adopted child was entitled to the same rights and privileges as a natural born heir.

A conservative estimate places the number of destitute children in India at somewhere between 1.05 and 1.15 million. Out of these, approximately 30,000 children are in institutions set up under Children's Acts, about 55,000 are cared for by charitable or religious trusts, private charities and national and international sponsorships, and 20,000 by the institutions covered under the grant-in-aid programmes of the Central Social Welfare Board. Many of these institutions do not possess even the minimum physical facilities, to say nothing of such things as a homely atmosphere of love and security.

The homes run under the Central Social Welfare Board grant-in-aid programme spend on an average about Rs. 22 on food and Rs 9 on medicine per child per month. This amount is hardly enough to keep body and soul together; therefore, it is not surprising that the number of children who give up the struggle to live beyond the age of one is almost 60 per cent. Those who overcome the initial difficulties, eventually grow up (mentally) too fast and become premature adults, aware of all the deprivations in their lives.

In order to tackle the problem of giving these children a modicum of love and affection and a little experience of normal home life, a foster care programme has been functioning. Under this programme, children are placed in households for a given period of time, and the foster parents are given an allowance to cover the maintenance of the child. This can be a long or short term contact. Such care is considered superior to institutional care.

In 1967, the SOS Children's Villages were started in India based on the International Movement of S.O.S. Such villages can now be found in Maharashtra, Gujarat, Haryana, Bengal, Jammu & Kashmir and Delhi. These villages try to retrieve children traumatised by constant changes from institution to institution, wars, regugee camps and those abandoned.

These S.O.S. villages consist of cottages where a woman who is herself abandoned or widowed, is given nine children of various ages and both sexes to look after, as she would her own family. The "mother" and children do their own work, have their own kitchen and celebrate small personal occasions like birthdays and festivals. However, they play games and make friends with other children in adjacent cottages. Schooling, marketing, hospital care, etc. are provided by the wider community.

Acts like the Children's Act, 1960 of Union Territories and the Guardians and Wards Act of 1890 only place children in families on a guardianship basis. As no adoption deed is signed, neither parents nor children feel secure, and the child does not have any of the rights of a natural born one. Another disquieting fact is that girls are rarely adopted. Arranged marriages being still in vogue, adoptive parents fear that the stigma of unknown parentage will make it impossible to get these girls

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ADOPTION CAN BE THE ANSWER

married. Therefore, unfortunately, the mortality rate in some of the orphanages is as high as 65 to 75 per cent for girls.

In an interview with Mrs. Akka Kulkarni, Consultant, Indian Council of Social Welfare and retired Metropolitan Magistrate of 28 years' standing, a number of interesting facts came to light.

She personally believes that children should not be given in adoption until they are eight or nine months old. The reason for this is that until that age, it is difficult to tell whether they are mentally or physically defective. These children are often born to unmarried mothers who have tried various means to get rid of them before birth. These attempts often affect the child mentally and physically. She told me about a pretty little baby girl who had several couples willing to adopt her. However, she felt some doubt. There was something about the child's eyes which was not normal. Therefore, she held the hopeful parents at bay. After a few months, she was proved right. The child was mentally retarded. Now, happily, after years of treatment, she is educatable and is being looked after in an institution.

Mrs. Kulkarni has always insisted, in the cases brought before her, that a thorough check-up is made — financial and emotional — before giving a child in adoption, even when the adoptive parents are from a different town.

In the case of non-Hindus, the child is given in foster care. However, social workers pay visits for a few months or years to see that the child is happy. They are introduced to the child as family friends. They also advise the foster mothers strongly to make a will in the child's name, as these children have no property rights.

Mrs. Kulkarni told me of a sad case in this connection. A man adopted a baby boy, who lived with him for several years. Unfortunately, through oversight, he did not make a will in his foster son's favour. When he died suddenly, the child who was about eight years old by then, was returned to the home by the relation who was legally next of kin, and who had received the legacy. The child found it very difficult to adjust.

When a child is found deserted in the streets, she has always insisted that the police make a thorough search for the parents. However, it is rarely possible to trace them.

Hindus who wish to adopt a child have to give an undertaking to her that they will tell the child that it was adopted by the age of three. Many children respond quite happily to the idea that they were specially chosen. Those parents who do not give her this undertaking are refused. Those who give their reason for adopting a child as security for old age, are likewise refused. A child is not a pension policy, she says. It should be adopted for itself.

Mrs. Akka Kulkarni is currently consultant to the Community Aid and Sponsorship Programme. In this programme, which was started in 1975 as part of the Gandhi Centenary celebrations, any person can sponsor a child by donating a sum of Rs. 420 per year — Rs. 360 for the child's upkeep and the rest for administrative expenses. Initially, fifteen non-infectious children of leprosy patients were thus sponsored. The number has now grown to six hundred. Recently, physically disabled and mentally retarded but educatable children have also been included.

For the first time a uniform adoption law throughout India was passed, titled The Hindu Adoption and Maintenance Act, 1956. This law covers Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs and Hindus, in other words, any person other than a Muslim, Christian, Parsi or Jew. Hence, millions of scheduled tribes and aborigines are included. The performance of Datta Homan is no longer essential to the validity of an adoption.

Now a person who does not have a son, a son's son or a great-grand-son living at the time of adoption can adopt a son. Similarly, a person can adopt a daughter provided no daughter or son's daughter is living at that time.

Previously, an orphan could not be adopted, but now the guardian of such a child can give it in adoption with the permission of the Court. Formerly, there was no age limit, but now the limit is 15 years. Adopting parents must be at least 21 years older than the child adopted.

Hitherto, women could not adopt, but because of the equality of the sexes assured by our Constitution, widows and spinsters are now allowed to adopt. A person can adopt a son as well as a daughter, which is a very welcome relaxation.

All adoptions should be completely voluntary and free from any monetary considerations.

The Adoption Bill 1972 which is still before Parliament and the State Legislatures, seeks to make adoption laws completely secular and thus cover all citizens of India.

I have personally met three couples who have adopted children, and they feel that much depends on how the children are accepted by the wider circle of relations. It is necessary, therefore, to consult those who are likely to be in close contact with the children.

They all agree that the child should know about its adoption at the earliest, as it might prove a shock later on, and also causes a lot of strain and tension on the adoptive parents and those in close contact with them.

A few of the essential qualities in adoptive parents should be a great love of children, a lot of patience and understanding, and an ability to accept the difficulties of bringing up a child as something that all parents have to face, and not as something that they have to bear because their child is adopted.

The adoption of Indian children by foreign parents has become very popular. It is interesting to note that the Kuan-Yin Foundation Inc. of Ontario, Canada, with branches in the U.S.A. and India, has at present five Indian couples settled in Canada, waiting to adopt Indian babies, on their books.

Finally, as there is no dearth of childless couples in India, and as the statistics have shown, no dearth of abandoned children, why then should a child be left crying and a home be left empty without the patter of little feet and the prattle of baby voices? Why don't more couples come forward to adopt or take children under their care?

Let us learn from King Janaka to accept these children as treasures bestowed upon us, and take the chances that every parent takes, of being a success or failure as a parent.

Named after the Buddhist goddess of mercy, the agency finds homes for unwanted children from all over the world

THE KUAN-YIN FOUNDATION an agency for adoption

Meher Pestonji

Frail, wailing, and only three weeks old, Arpana was found abandoned at the doorstep of an orphanage in Goa. Her weak, debilitated condition aroused the concern of the Sisters in charge who took her to the hospital at Margao for a complete medical check-up. A detailed examination revealed that Arpana was suffering from Coolie's Anaemia. This disease necessitates periodic blood transfusions, a prohibitively expensive treatment for the shoe-string budget of a charitable institution. Moreover, the prognosis is one of accelerating deterioration of the vital organs till death occurs at around twelve years, which also raised the question of how much of the expenditure incurred was justifiable. Yet Arpana, like other children with her condition, was above average in intelligence — a gentle, affectionate child whose face tugged at the heartstrings of all who heard of her plight.

Could Arpana be adopted by some well-to-do family? Most doubtful. In India adoption remains uncommon even among childless couples. Besides, how many families have the kind of financial resources Arpana's treatment would require? And few families would be willing to take on a case which would involve forming emotional attachments knowing full well that they cannot but end in the painful reality of death.

So Arpana remained at the orphanage where she was cared for as best possible within limited means. Her general weakness made her susceptible to almost every infection. The nuns at the hospital were often forced to coax beggars and coolies from the bazaar to donate their blood in return for a paltry payment. The parasites in their blood-streams were pumped into Arpana along with the blood and the little child acquired all the diseases they themselves were resistant to. An early death appeared inevitable.

But, fortunately, the Fates intervened in the form of a chance encounter. The Sister Superior of the orphanage, Margaret Fernandes, struck-up a conversation with a Mrs. Helke Ferrie at Bombay's international airport. Mrs. Ferrie is a Director of the Kuan-Yin Foundation, an international adoption agency that has placed children from India, Bangladesh, Guatemala and Viet Nam into foster homes in the United States and Canada. Sister Margaret hesitantly broached the subject of Arpana, whether it would be possible for Arpana to be adopted into an American or Canadian home, where under the Government sponsored health programme she would be able to receive much better medical attention than she could at the orphanage. In India she was unadoptable.

According to the philosophy of Kuan-Yin, which takes its name after the Buddhist goddess of mercy, no child is unadoptable; there are only children who are not adopted. All people are not born beautiful and healthy. They have to help and be helped. Strong people have to share their life energy with others. However short a child's life-span, it has the right to live it out as fully as possible.

Kuan-Yin immediately accepted responsibility for Arpana and arrangements were made to treat her at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, after which the Ferries decided to take her into their own "international family." Today Arpana is six years old, receives blood transfusions every 4-5 weeks, attends school with the other children, and leads as active a life as any child her age.

Helke Ferrie and her husband Dr. Robert Ferrie, a paediatric surgeon whose is the healing hand behind many a miraculous recovery, live on a 9-acre ranch outside Toronto with their own three children and eight adopted children. Their own three, John (10), Bronwen (6), and Bryce (4), are all normal. Each of their adopted children came to them with some severe physical or emotional problem and are being helped to adjust, to push back the limits of their handicap so as to allow for the maximum fulfilment life can offer.

The international family of the Ferries of Canada. They have their own children, but have adopted many more of other races and countries.

The eldest Josephine (16), is a Canadian Negro who was considered mentally retarded at 12 when she could neither read, write nor speak very clearly. With her came Rhett (14), an offspring of severe emotional deprivation, who was manifesting symptoms of juvenile delinquency. Also 14 is Manu, the son of a rickshawalla from Calcutta, who suffered from an acute heart condition as a result of rheumatic fever in childhood, and had been brought to Canada for a heart-valve replacement. Chinh (11), and Thien (10), are Vietnamese. Chinh is deaf, a victim of shell-blasting. He attends a special school for deaf children. Thien has a limb handicap as a result of a severe attack of polio. Ashoka and Savitri, both five and from Bangladesh, were among the hundreds of pathetic premature babies attempted to be aborted after the 1972 holocaust. At the age of four months, Ashoka was only a piteous 3 lbs. in weight. The youngest child, Melanie, from India, is also 5 years old.

Continued on page 43

ADOPTION:

INDIAN KIDS

HAPPY IN SWEDEN

Suhela Kapur

Two Swedish families with their adopted daughters.

It all began when I received a letter from a childless Swedish couple expressing their desire to adopt an Indian baby, preferably a girl, under six months. Their yearning for a child whom they could love and nurture as their own touched me deeply.

The hunt for a baby began with a bang but petered out soon, as there seemed to be no unwanted babies, looking for homes. Free abortions had done a wonderful job for young truants. Then I heard of little Anna.

My first introduction to Anna was in the paediatric ward of Safdarjang Hospital, where she had been deposited when only four days old, by a constable who had found her abandoned by the roadside. Approaching the cot, I saw a pair of large and limpid eyes swivel in my direction. Her face was tiny and had a peculiar worldly-wise, sage-like look about it. She was very fragile and rather small and weak for her six months. When I picked her up, crooning softly to herself, she laced her fingers into my hair. Nothing in the world could make her loosen her grip. Anna had made her decision!

When I had completed formalities with the office, the whole ward turned out to say goodbye to her. They were very sad to lose her, for Anna had endeared herself to them with her good humour and lovable nature.

Promising to keep in touch with them regarding her progress with the Swedish family, I took my leave of them. The next few days were spent in a flurry of excitement. Babies' clothes, woollies, toys, feeding bottles and tins of baby food had to be bought. The necessary legal formalities for her adoption by the Swedish couple Danielsson, whom I was representing in India, swung into motion.

Anna and I left Delhi on Dec. 31 on board an Air France flight. I would be handing over Anna to her new parents on January 1 and I could imagine them eagerly looking forward to getting a first glimpse of their precious New Year gift.

The stopover at Charles De Gaulle Airport was a harrowing experience. Anna, who had been strapped into a plastic baby chair, had become very heavy to carry. My arms ached terribly. Ignorance of the language made things worse — it did not fetch me the much needed help. Perching precariously on escalators with Anna held lopsided, surrendering to security check, negotiating and re-negotiating miles and miles of depressing tunnels, I somehow ballet-danced my way dazedly to the correct terminal.

We landed at Stockholm airport two hours after our departure from Paris. A small crowd of Swedish friends had turned up to receive us. While I was being welcomed by them, Anna's new mother pushed past us and stood gazing at her daughter with a mixture of awe, incredulity and a newly kindled mothers' love. Anna gave her her special smile and the next moment she was in her mother's arms. Her voice trembling with emotion, she told me she had waited very long for Anna — that she was so beautiful, that it was worth the wait.

My first introduction to Sweden was a memorable experience. The landscape was white. It was the first time I had seen such a vast quantity of snow. Anna had caught a slight cold in Delhi itself which worsened with her exposure to the chill air of Stockholm. She now sneezed with all the power in her little lungs, sending Mrs. Danielsson flying around her medicine chests in consternation. The next few days saw her busy fussing Anna, and learning from me the techniques of preparing her feeds and feeding her. The Danielsson's life was centred around Anna and it seemed they could never get enough of her. If I ever believed in Destiny, Anna's case reaffirmed that. Who could imagine that a six month old abandoned child with a bleak future ahead of her, would find her way into the home and hearts of a doting Swedish couple?

I was keen to verify some rather vague notions in my mind regarding the adoption of Indian children abroad. I was told that Mrs. Gunilla Andersson, Chairman of the Swedish Society for Child Welfare, would be the best person to consult on such matters. I made an appointment with the lady and met her at her Stockholm office. She turned out to be a charming and informal person, and unlike many Swedes, spoke English fluently.

She scoffed at the rumours (in India) that Indian babies were being "exported" to Sweden to be brought up as domestic servants. It was absolute nonsense, she told me. Swedish couples wanting to adopt babies, brown, yellow or white, made their applications to Adoptioncentrum (the Swedish organisation dealing with the adoption of babies), of which her department was an integral part. The adoptioncentrum on its part carried out a thorough investigation of such couples — their motive for adoption and the suitability of the family in terms of health and economic well-being.

Even those people who secured babies through private individuals, had to go through a lot of legal procedures before they could formally adopt a baby. How could a welfare State like Sweden ever allow exploitation? Couples adopted children, according to her, either beause they had none of their own, or because of humanitarian reasons such as giving destitute, abandoned children a good home. In support of the latter, it is appropriate here to quote Mrs. Ferm, mother of an eight-year-old girl of Indian origin. "Those little ones who have already come into the world have a better claim on the love and care of our society than those yet to be born."

Touring Sweden, I met many Swedish families who had adopted children from India. I personally interviewed five of them. One amazing childless couple had adopted two children from Korea, two from India and one from South America! Another couple who had three children of their own, adopted one child from Korea and two from Ethiopia.

Why did Swedish families prefer to adopt an Indian instead of, say, a Swedish child? Mrs. Andersson, who had also adopted an Indian girl, said that adopting a Swedish child was almost impossible as there were practically no unwanted children in Sweden. This she attributed to the growing permissiveness of Swedish Society. Besides Indian a lot of Korean and Greek children were also adopted. Indian children were preferred in many cases because of their close facial resemblance to Swedes (being basically of the same race) and also because of their "beautiful chocolate colour."

Did these children have problems settling down in their new homes?

Mrs. Andersson replied rather gravely in the affirmative. She said that most children arrived sick in Sweden due to malnutrition. These sometimes had serious psychological effects. She gave me the example of an Indian girl who fell seriously ill on arrival. She recovered soon enough, but she would neither laugh nor cry. Instead, she developed a vicious temper which she demonstrated often by spitt-

Continued on page 43

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WHY THEY ADOPTED INDIAN CHILDREN

Kamini Mudaliar

Why did the Salzmanns adopt two Indian children? How are the two faring in their distant home in Germany? And how have they adjusted emotionally?

Mrs. Salzmann's adopted daughter Kunda hugs her brother Ando. Both were chosen from an Indian orphanage.

It was at a get-together of us visiting Indians and Germans of Grossbergwedel, a small business community in North Germany, that I first saw her. She sat snugly in her mother's arms. I was struck by her dark eyes, black hair and wheatish complexion...an unusual combination in a German. The child's German mother noticed my admiring glances at her daughter and smiled a "thank you." Encouraged by her friendly smile, I walked up to the German lady and conveyed to her in my spluttering German that she had a lovely, pretty daughter.

The little girl, who looked about four years old, now stood clinging to her mother's legs. "Wie heisst du?" (What is your name?) I asked her. "Kunda," she replied promptly. I looked askance at her mother and said, "Why, that's an Indian name."

"Yes," replied the lady, "because she happens to be an Indian and not German."

It struck me then that I had just run into one of those many German families who have adopted Indian children. The revelation also revived my interest in meeting foreigners who have adopted Indian children.

The German lady, Mrs. Eva Salzmann, at once agreed to an interview and we walked to her home a few blocks away. All the way to their home Kunda kept gaily singing and dancing and doing all sorts of acrobatics on the road and proudly calling, "Mutti! Mutti!" (mother! mother!).

Their home was modest by German standards, but compared to Indian standards it had the luxuries and amenities which only the upper-middle-class can afford. After Kunda was over with her enthusiastic chatter and keenness to show her home and her younger brother, a two-year-old Indian boy, Ando, whom the couple have only recently adopted, we settled down to a talk and I opened my guns.

"Why did you decide on adopting Indian children?" I asked Mrs. Salzmann, stressing on the word Indian.

Mrs. Salzmann said, "I and my husband have always admired the brown eyes, black hair and brown complexion of Indians. Some time back we found that we could not have children and the idea of adopting children entered our mind. Then we visited India in September '74 and the idea of adopting Indian children took root. We visited the St. Catherine's Home for Orphans in Andheri, Bombay, and loved those children there. We saw Kunda and decided to adopt her. We were touched by the grinding poverty in India and thought we would be helping one of those million homeless children."

The couple spent 1,500 DM (Rs. 14,000 approx.) on the whole procedure of adoption. They started the negotiations in September '74 and Kunda was with them in October '75.

I took the opportunity to ask the most hackneyed question going round in India, that is, why didn't they spend the same money on sponsoring some children of the orphanage, instead of adopting one and taking it away from its homeland?

"I've told you," she said, "I did not adopt just because I wanted to dole out charity by adopting a kid. I adopted a child because I wanted one and adopted an Indian because I and my husband have always felt affection, sympathy and admiration for India and its people. All else is secondary."

She turned down the charge of Indian children being victims of racial discrimination. "Here in Grossbergwedel and surrounding places some hundred families have adopted Indian children. Some have adopted as many as four to five children. These children are not discriminated against or ill-treated. On the contrary, they're envied. Look at my Kunda now. What a lovely light complexion she has developed. When we brought her from Bombay she was as dark as Ando is now. Even Ando will slowly develop a lighter colour," she said with touching maternal pride and confidence.

About bringing them up and planning their future, the country and religion they would adopt, she replied, speaking softly and weighing every word, "Kunda and Ando will get the same education as all children of our social background get — good schools and, if they are willing, a University education. They will get special musical education and sports — swimming, tennis, etc. They will grow up in a Christian community, and we hope they will take an active part in it."

About religion? "Well, it is quite impossible to convert children into Christians as there is a law in Germany saying that at the age of fourteen every child can choose and ought to choose its own religion. Personally, we know no fanatic Christians wanting to convert anybody. Many people here are not religious at all and simply take no interest in religion."

Then she turned the tables on me by saying, "Anyway what's the harm if they grow up as Christians? Tell me, what status would they have in your society? Would any community accept these illegitimate children in your country, where the caste system runs so deep? Aren't they better off with us?"

Talking about the adoption procedures, she said, they were foolproof and there were few chances of foreigners adopting children with devious intentions. She showed me a thick file of correspondence and the exhaustive questionnaire which make sure of the bonafides and antecedents of all prospective parents. The counterparts of the Indian Council of Social Welfare in the adoptive parents' country assesses the motivations of the parents, interviews their neighbours, relatives and collects information of their income, health, social standing and marital stability. She said although all this was essential sometimes things are carried too far. Like when they were adopting Ando, they were asked to send drawings and poems written by Kunda indicating that she was mentally prepared for the new arrival!

The interview came to an abrupt end as my hosts came to pick me up. On the way home I told my hostess, Mrs. Kruger, what the interview was about. Mrs. Kruger told me something which drove away all remaining doubts of the bonafides of foreigners adopting Indian children. Mrs. Kruger said that before Mrs. Salzmann had adopted Kunda she was generally morose and frequently fell sick. But now that she had these two children to look after she had given up her teaching profession and was ever smiling and never sick!

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

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SALES
MANAGER
COSMETICS
9-18
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HAHA world of laughter

An aspiring author sent a manuscript to an editor with a letter in which he stated: "The characters in this story are purely fictional and bear no resemblance to any person, living or dead."

A few days later the manuscript was returned with a brief note which read: "That's what's wrong with it."

* * *

A rather diminutive army officer attended the regimental dance. Arriving late, he saw that everyone was dancing with the exception of one woman. Going up to her and bowing, he said, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" Looking him up and down she replied rather haughtily, "I don't dance with a child."

Quick as a flash, he retorted: "I am sorry, madam, I was not aware of your condition."

* * *

A little girl, a vicar's daughter, saw a bishop in all his robes for the first time. She gazed at him in wonder for a moment, then smoothing the handsome stole that he was wearing said, "And have you panties to match?"

* * *

A Sunday School class had just been hearing about the parable of the prodigal son. "Now," said the Sunday School teacher, "who was not glad to hear of the prodigal's return?"

"Please sir," replied one boy, "the fatted calf."

* * *

Joe knocked on his girl friend's door only to hear her cry out, "Can't come, I'm dying."

In panic, Joe burst through the back door to help, and found her dyeing all right — her hair, from brown to blonde.

* * *

There's the legend of the two pipe smokers in the Sydney opium den.

One dreamy gent said casually, "I've just decided to buy all the diamond and emerald mines in the world."

The second man considered this for a moment and then murmured quietly, "I don't know whether I'd care to sell."

* * *

Two partners of a big Melbourne business were on a fishing trip when a sudden storm capsized the boat. One could swim, the other floundered helplessly.

"Bill," cried the swimmer. "Can you float alone?"

"Look Jim," gulped the non-swimmer, "this is no time to be talking business."

* * *

An instructor at Singleton camp was showing a group of National Service commandos how to use their parachutes.

One young commando asked, "But sir, what if the parachute doesn't open?"

"That, my boy, is what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

* * *

An Adelaide college athlete, holder of half a dozen track records, was sent to hospital. A bad case of influenza.

A doctor took his temperature, shook his head doubtfully and said, "Hmm, looks pretty bad. You're running a temperature of 103."

"Yeah?" said the athlete, suddenly interested in his condition.
"What's the world record, Doc?"

* * *

One day a young fellow called Spinnets,

Went out with his gun to shoot linnets.

He tripped on a stone.

The gun went off on its own.

We will now bow our heads for two minutes.

Compiled by: George Fegradoe

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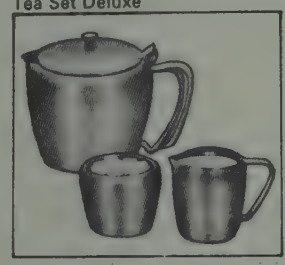
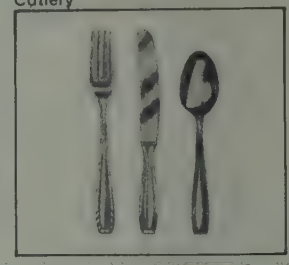
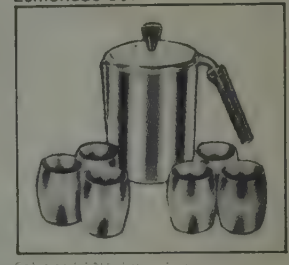


Cutlery



Lemonade Set



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Much discussion and many resolutions marked the AIWC meet in Patna. But how effective is it as a champion of women's rights?

AIWC CELEBRATES GOLDEN JUBILEE

Syed Nisar Mehdi Abdi

The AIWC (All India Women's Conference) chose Patna as the venue for its five-day annual session-cum-golden jubilee celebrations. It was in the fitness of things that the Patna Women's College campus was selected for this purpose. The venue for the conference, a specially erected shamiana decorated in resplendent colours with art motifs and exquisite paintings however, could not host the inaugural session as it was soaked in the previous night's rain and had become dripping wet. The tin-roofed Women's College auditorium was used instead.

"Family as the foundation of national development and welfare" was the topic for the first seminar inaugurated by the Governor, Mr. Jagannath Kaushal, on December 27 amidst vigorous clapping by over three hundred Indian and about half-a-dozen foreign delegates. The sub-topics for the seminar were: "Family as an additional and alternative school and educator," "Family as an agent of social change" and "Family and new modes of living." "Women," said Mr. Kaushal, "have the envious position of moulding and shaping the destiny of generations through their role as mother, sister, wife and companion. Women, if they so liked, could easily give the country a group which would free it from the shackles of social taboos and the like."

This seminar, based on a host of topics revolving around the family, was also addressed by Mrs. Lakshmi Raghuramaiah President of the AIWC, Mrs. Kamala Mankekar, the well-known journalist, and Mrs. Sumitra Devi, Bihar's Minister for Urban Development. Mrs. Tara Ali Baig, the eminent sociologist, talked very impressively in her keynote address.

She said, "With her silent battle to win a place for herself lost to a great extent by the advent of the patriarchal Aryans, ancient matriarchal women adapted themselves by becoming indispensable members of the family and by making one and all dependent on their assumption of all family chores, thus successfully gaining for themselves a position of inner authority which no one ever wanted to challenge."

Among the delegates were Mrs. Margaret Alva and Mrs Lila Damodar Menon (3rd and 5th from left in front row), both M.P.s.

Mrs Raghuramaiah's quips like "Men are only good for lighting pipes and cigarettes" and "Man is what he is because of the woman behind him" were refreshing in contrast to the abstract academic lectures of later speakers.

Mr. A. K. Dhan, VC of Patna University, said, "Ours is a tradition bound country which does not allow the proper utilization of female talent. Even well-educated women do not find their college degrees of any practical utility after marriage."

The final recommendations of the two-day seminar demanded the involvement of women at the highest levels of policy making and asserted that in educational and welfare programmes the family as a unit should be involved and not the individual alone. It also emphasised the necessity of education among parents and emphasised the need for dialogue between parents and children to overcome the generation gap.

However, a very pertinent point raised by Mr. Kaushal earlier, failed to find a place in the resolutions. In the course of his address he had chided the organizers and office-bearers of the AIWC for confining their sessions to urban areas and capital towns. "This conference," he had said, "could have been easily organized in a village where delegates could have stayed with rural families and shared their meals. You could have taught the villagers how to live and how to prosper and this could have worked miracles."

Incidentally, in Bihar the AIWC has only seven branches and all of them are located in district and divisional headquarters.

On the 29th morning Chief Minister Karpoori Thakur inaugurated the panel discussion on "Welfare of rural women in India." This time the delegates had moved into the shamiana. The Chief Minister said that though the problems faced by rural women were many, he would focus his attention on the five basic ones — clothing, drinking water, literacy, sanitation and ovens.

Continued on page 22

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Milward needle No. 7.

The drawing gives the complete design for back and front of one bag, dotted line indicates the cutting line. Trace design as given and work following the diagram and number key for the embroidery. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in the same colour and stitch. Press embroidery on the wrong side. To make up, 5 mm has been allowed for seams. Cut out and place back piece to front piece, right sides together. Attach cord at top and matching lines all round sew close to embroidery, leaving an opening at the bottom. Turn to right side and fill with lavender, sandalwood, shavings or naphthalene balls. Slipstitch open edge.

KEY TO DIAGRAM

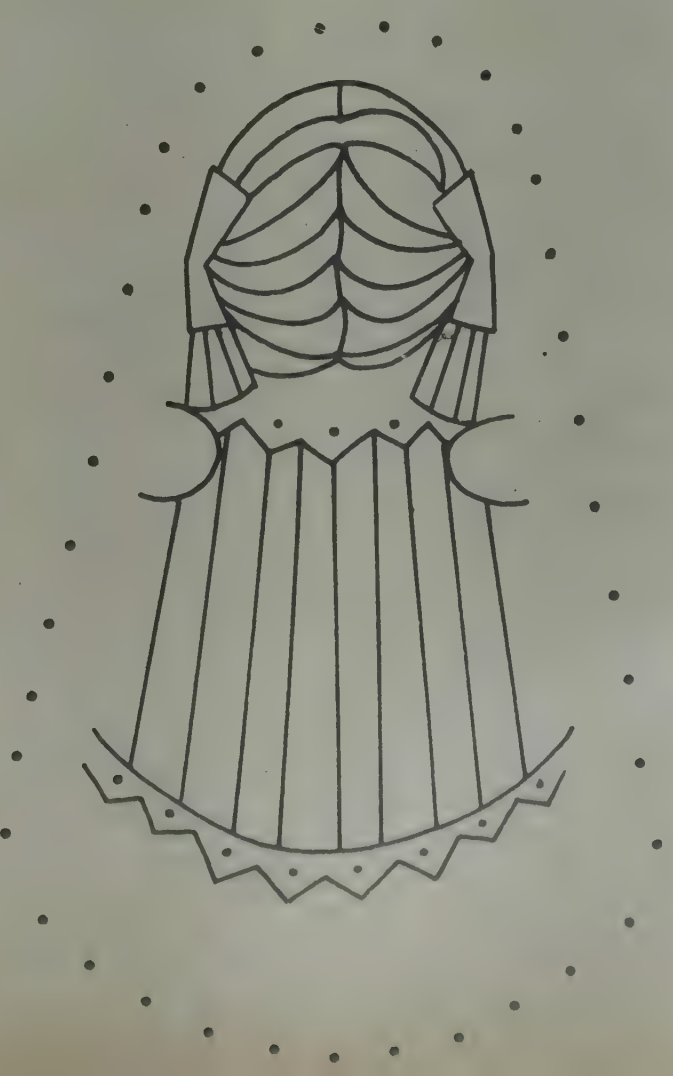
1 — 0265)
2 — 0304)
3 — 0335) **Satin Stitch**
4 — Black)

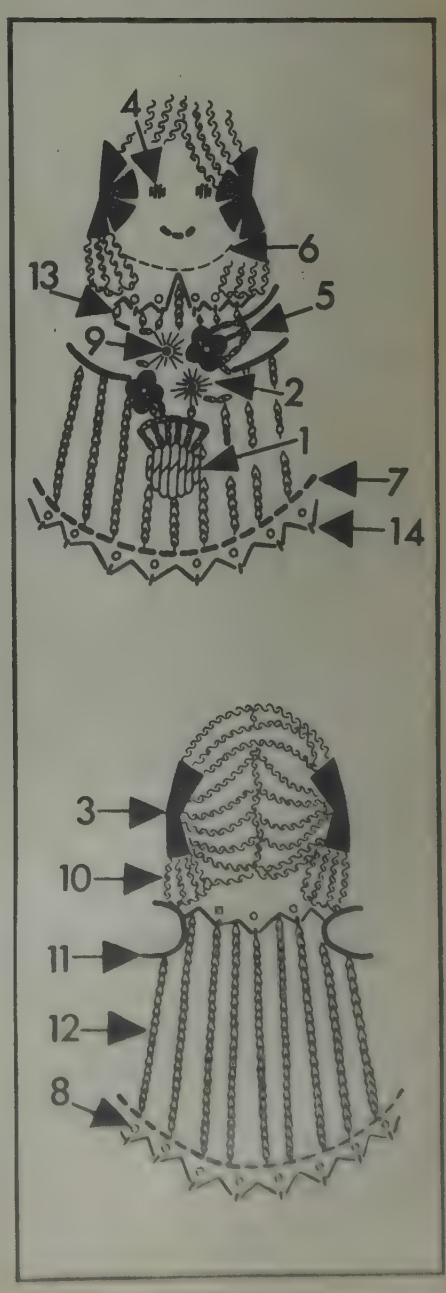
5 — 0265)
6 — 0304) **Back Stitch**
7 — 0335)

8 — 0304)
9 — 0335) **French Knots**

10 — 0305)
11 — 0335) **Stem Stitch**

12 — 0304 — **Chain Stitch**
13 — 0304 — **Daisy Stitch**
14 — 0335 — **Fly Stitch**





AIWC CELEBRATES GOLDEN JUBILEE

Continued from page 19

Mr. Thakur remarked that the problem of providing necessary clothing could not be solved by merely asking the government to produce inexpensive clothing material because the purchasing capacity of our villages was incredibly low. He said the solution lay in home-spun clothes and the promotion of small scale khadi industry in the countryside.

Next he pointed out that out of 67,000 villages in Bihar, 30,200 did not possess pucca wells. "Women are the worst hit by this, because the duty of bringing water from far off places is primarily theirs."

Regarding the literacy drive the chief minister opined that in imparting basic education in the villages, women folk would be the most effective. Consequently, he urged the AIWC to give this issue top priority in their welfare programmes.

"Sanitation," he said, "is intricately connected with the problem of literacy which can instil cleanliness and other hygienic habits which have a bearing on health."

The Chief Minister urged the AIWC to "make arrangements for cheap smokeless ovens in our villages."

He also suggested that the proceedings of the conference be conducted in Hindi instead of English. "On one hand you try to emancipate the rural women while on the other you conduct your proceedings in an imperialist language. This is ignoring reality," he said. The pro-Hindi delegates greeted this jibe with thunderous clapping.

On the same day, a delegate to the AIWC from Bombay, Mrs. Kundan Dalal, was seriously injured when an angry mob rained stones on her car. The car had hit a rickshaw on Fraser Road, injuring its three occupants. Instead of fleeing the scene, she stopped to see if the injured could be helped. This gesture proved too costly. She was admitted to the Patna Medical College Hospital. When the matter was brought up in the conference, the Chief Minister described it as "shameful."

On December 30, the conference proper was formally inaugurated by the Governor, Mr. Jagannath Kaushal. The inauguration was originally scheduled to have been done by the President, Mr. Sanjiva Reddy. When he could not, the organizers had requested the Defence Minister to perform the opening ritual. Mr. Ram too failed to turn up owing to a sudden cabinet meeting in Delhi. Calling himself an "intruder," Mr. Kaushal said that he had come to the conference for the second time to "narrate the difficulties of men before a gathering of their better halves."

He decried the modern day tendencies of Indian women to go glamorous in imitation of the West. He conceded that men liked glamorous women. "But where has it led us to?" Mr. Kaushal asked the delegates and said that it has culminated in increased corruption on all sides. "Men are always eager to fulfil the demands of women, so they go out of their way to earn money for it and in the process are forced to accept illegal gratification."

Delivering her presidential address, Mrs. Raghuramaiah reminded the delegates that women had so far been politically ignored in India. She regretted that during the recent parliamentary and state elections, not one political party cared to hear the voice of women or women's organisations.

"For some unknown reason, for no fault of theirs, Indian women have been constantly humiliated by their own brothers. How long are we going to be vulnerable like this, at the mercy of the superior sex and suffer ignominous reprimands?"

On Dec. 31, Mr. Jagjivan Ram inaugurated the Muslim Women's Meet, organized for the first time under the auspices of the AIWC. Mr. Ram urged Muslim women to align themselves with the larger forces which are working for the assertion of equality of status and opportunity between the two sexes. Mrs. Aziza Imam, M. P., decried the system of dowry as an "anti social practice" which needed curbing. She made a public commitment not to offer or receive dowry in any marriage within her family.

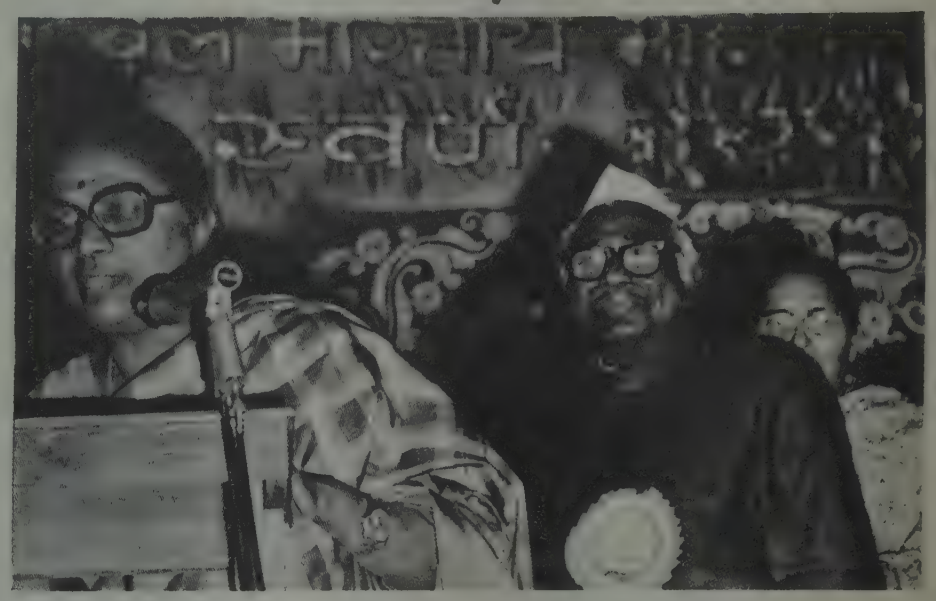
On the last day, three fraternal organisations -- the Women's Council of London, the Indian Council of Child Welfare and the Rural Women's Association were represented by Mrs. Dogra, Mrs. Pratibha Sinha and Mrs. Wahabuddin Ahmed respectively. Messages conveying good wishes came from two foreign organisations — the Soviet Women's Council and the "Irish Housewives".

The five-day session ended with the adoption of a resolution in the open session demanding that at least 25 per cent of the total parliamentary seats should be allocated to women. Among the other 31 resolutions framed, two notable ones were the demand that unmarried girls be allowed to own property and that stringent punishment should be meted out to those who maltreated women officers.

The last day was, of course, the most riotous too. Snack bars and coffee counters did brisk trade in the abnormally cold weather. The short range T.V. installed in the exhibition was a source of major interest to many delegates. Conference time at Women's College was over.

AIWC: URBAN, UPPER-CLASS ORIENTED

R. Narayan



Mrs. Laxmi Raghuramaiah, President of the Conference, addressing the open session.

"They came, deliberated, and have gone back home to remember the tasks only at the next session. This has been like most seminars and conferences in the past. It wasn't different," commented a pessimistic girl. "Seminars and conferences are intellectual pastimes. They produce practically nothing in concrete terms. Those who are interested in practical work go to the villages and slums and do not waste their time in lengthy speeches," said another. For a mod undergraduate the gathering was a "gala affair attended by the urban elite in their party best."

These were the remarks made about the All-India Women's Conference (AIWC) held from December 27 to 31 in Patna to celebrate its Golden Jubilee. It was attended by an estimated 300 delegates from all over the country and some representatives of its foreign branches including the U.K. and U.S.S.R. One journalist who sounded knowledgeable recalled that in 1975 the AIWC had given a call to women to go to villages and work for their betterment. How many powdered their faces with dust? he asked.

The organisers, however, would not accept this criticism. They were too happy. The AIWC president, Mrs. Laxmi Raghuramaiah, said, in her presidential address: "We are happy our international bonds are growing stronger and stronger, wider and wider. We hope by the time we celebrate our centenary in another fifty years we will become a strong international organisation, not just in Asia, but in the whole world, contributing to the welfare and emancipation of women all over the world."

With the Golden Jubilee was inaugurated the Centenary celebration of Mrs. Margaret Cousins, the founder of the organisation.

The Conference had a bad start. It started on an unhappy note because the President, Mr. Nilam Sanjiva Reddy, who was slated to inaugurate the delegate session, cancelled his visit at the last moment, disturbing the schedule. The Bihar Governor, Mr. Jagannath Kaushal, who was living just two kilometres away from the venue, addressed it twice. The Chief Minister, Mr. Karpoori Thakur, and Union Defence Minister, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, were two other VIPs who participated.

Both the Governor and the Chief Minister criticised the lack of participation by rural women. Mostly the urban elite attended the conference. Mrs. Raghuramaiah explained it thus: "Thousands of labour women are our members both in industrial and rural areas, but they can't afford to leave their work to attend such conferences. That would mean leaving their livelihood." She said she herself lived six months a year in her village in Andhra and the rest in Delhi with her husband. Her explanation did not carry much weight.

The Governor in fact went a step further in his criticism and remarked, "This conference could

easily have been organised where delegates could have stayed with rural families in their homes and shared these poor men and women's food. They could have taught the villagers how to live and how to prosper and that could have worked wonders." He also complained that in Bihar the AIWC had only seven branches and all of them were located at either divisional or district headquarters.

Conducting the proceedings in English also came in for heavy criticism. Mr. Karpoori Thakur, a fanatic Hindi lover, recited a satirical Urdu couplet by Akbar Allahabadi who had written it on the double dealing of some Indians during the British rule:

"Kaum ke gam men dinner khaate hain hukkam ke sath,

Ranj leader ko bahut hai magar aaram ke saath."

Some delegates from Hindi speaking states took the cue from Mr. Thakur and at one stage it seemed that the conference would divide into two blocks on the language issue — South and North. Though the AIWC was set up by Margaret Cousins (an Irish woman) in the South, its membership has heavily increased in the North in recent years. Luckily for the organisers, the controversy did not last long and the conference ended peacefully.

Later, the president of the conference told some journalists in reply to a pointed question on the language issue, "We recognise Hindi as the national language, but Hindi can't be understood by all. I myself don't know Hindi well. I speak Telugu. Suppose I start speaking in Telugu here in a bid to please English haters, how many of you will understand me? There is no ban against delegates speaking in Hindi. It has been left to their choice. If they prefer English, how can I intervene? And the AIWC uses English because it also saves money.

"The organisation was set up in 1926," she added, "when English rulers were still there in the country. As was the case with organisations of that time, only educated women became its members in the beginning. Typewriters were only in English. Stenography was only in English. Then, there is practically no substantial aid from the government to meet the expenses of the AIWC. Naturally, we can't switch over to Hindi overnight." The government aid, enquiry revealed, is at the rate of Rs. 20,000 a year when its expenditure on the office alone comes to Rs. 5,000 a month.

Besides improving the lot of village women, emphasis was laid at the conference on the joint family system. The two-day seminar held on "Family as the foundation of national development" as a part of the conference, was in favour of reviving the joint family system. Speaker after speaker drawn from different parts of the country, stressed the need for maintaining the traditional joint family system for the welfare and proper development of individuals.

Mrs. Margaret Alva, M.P., said that the country was in the throes of a mighty socio-economic revolution and the family had an important role to play in this.

After a two-day deliberation the seminar recommended that women should be involved at the highest level of policy making and implementation of policies so that due attention was paid to social welfare and social changes.

Mrs. Kamla Mankekar, a well-known journalist and author, pointed out that the role of the family and social advancement had not been adequately appreciated. The seminar recommended that family planning should be taken up again as an urgent national programme. Besides population control, planned families were essential for women to have time for training, education and participation in national development projects.

The conference demanded reservation of 25 per cent of the seats in Parliament for women. Although all political parties promise adequate representation, in actual fact, this is ignored. A lot of hope was aroused in 1977, but it was belied. Though women constituted fifty per cent of the population only some dozens were selected for assembly and parliamentary elections.

Among the other demands made in the conference were those for stoppage of victimisation of lady officers in government departments, compulsory teaching of judo in schools and colleges, uniform dresses for boys and girls in academic institutions removing discrimination, punitive measures against rape and other attacks, and last, but not the least, a ban on M.O. Mathai's book "Reminiscence of the Nehru Age" because of its denigration of women.

The conference had also some political overtones, though the AIWC claims to be a non-political organisation. While attacking male politicians, some references, though veiled, were made to Mrs. Gandhi. Without naming her, Mrs. Raghuramaiah asked, "Why should men suddenly lose faith in women?" and she herself answered "To err is human. Failures and successes are the same for men and women."

The Governor asked them not to ape the West for the women there were economically independent and physically robust. Otherwise, he cautioned, they will be suspended between two worlds — the East and the West. He also recalled an Urdu couplet:

"Na khuda hi mila, na wishale sanam,

Na idhar ke rahe, na udhar ke rahe.

Though different reasons were given for holding the conference in Patna, it seems the popularity it has acquired in recent years because of the student movement and its association with Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan had much to do with it. However, the organisation continues to be weak in this state with only five to six thousand members. The organisers attributed this to the political backwardness of the state. They say they have a strong base in Andhra, Tamil Nadu, Karnataka, Maharashtra and Gujarat. Was it then mostly a South affair? Mrs. Nirmala Bhatnagar, in charge of the Public Relations cell, had a word of cheer: "More and more young girls are eager to join us. At least 200 girls of the Patna Women's College, where the conference is being held, have expressed themselves in favour of it."

The conference, which had also organised the Muslim Women's Meet for the first time, was an all-women affair. Some male educationists and journalists who had attended it in the beginning avoided it after some uncharitable remarks were made against them. One speaker even went to the extent of calling males "chauvanistic pigs." There is a limit to everything, including indignation

LEFT: Mr. Karpoori Thakur, Chief Minister of Bihar, addressing the delegates.

BELOW: Mr. Jagannath Kaushal, Governor of Bihar, inaugurating the Conference.

THAT SPECIAL DATE!

1. Be daring and defiant once in a while . . . wear red and black printed harem pants with handkerchief top with cross-back and use a colourful square scarf in front for effect, or don a red, yellow and purple printed dress with Angaro-pleated skirt slit on the sides, halter neckline and floating train.

2. For a night of enchantment in the cool outdoors, a green printed ankle-length, off-shoulder dress has a long matching scarf, while a pink with blue and yellow floral printed georgette cape cascades over a slinky plain pink maxi dress.

3. For those special dates! Wear a brown silk saree strewn with myriad tiny flowers, or be cool in a sheer American georgette blue printed saree.

oung Eves eager to look their dualistic best in high n ensembles or simply ning in sheer sarees ecial dates, here are a few rs which are sure to the scene. Styled from a lly selected range of ive fabrics, they represent e-resistant American ette and 100 per cent ne". You can wear all these tter confidence, in the full nce that the outfits will give at extra look of super- d serenity and feminity!

esy: Sadhana Textile Mills td., Bombay.

produced by: Shanti Chopra

raphs: Farokh Reporter

A PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

I have waited for thirty years. . .

Everybody in the hall was clapping. There were roars of applause from the audience and they were screaming, "Once more! Once more!" Sitting in one corner of the hall at Lahore some 33 years back how proud I had felt of him! He was famous for keeping audiences spellbound for hours with his fiery poems. The struggle for independence was at its peak at that time. Every day public meetings were organised at different places and he used to infuse people with patriotic fire with his poems. I will not disclose his real name, but for convenience I shall call him Pal. We were both studying in the same college.

Mine was one of those few progressive families at that time who believed in educating their daughters. I started writing short stories at an early age and my father, seeing my deep interest in reading and writing, permitted me to graduate before getting married. It was a bold step at that time and he was reproached by everybody for permitting his daughter to study in a co-educational college. But my father was a man of firm will and for the sake of my education he stood up to all the opposition from the family.

Now sometimes I think if my father had not supported my decision to go to college he could have been saved from a tragic old age and I would have been leading a conventional married life with a proper social status and economic security.

Today, when I am approaching old age I realise (maybe because I belong to the generation which still attaches a lot of importance to social norms) that however hard we may try to ignore conventions they hit back at us and, in the end, when the tussle ends, despite our defiant front, we are lonely and are left with the bitter taste of mistake and failure.

When I look back today, I see my life as a lonely woman's perpetual struggle against society, a prolonged battle with my relations and a futile resolve to lead my life my own way.

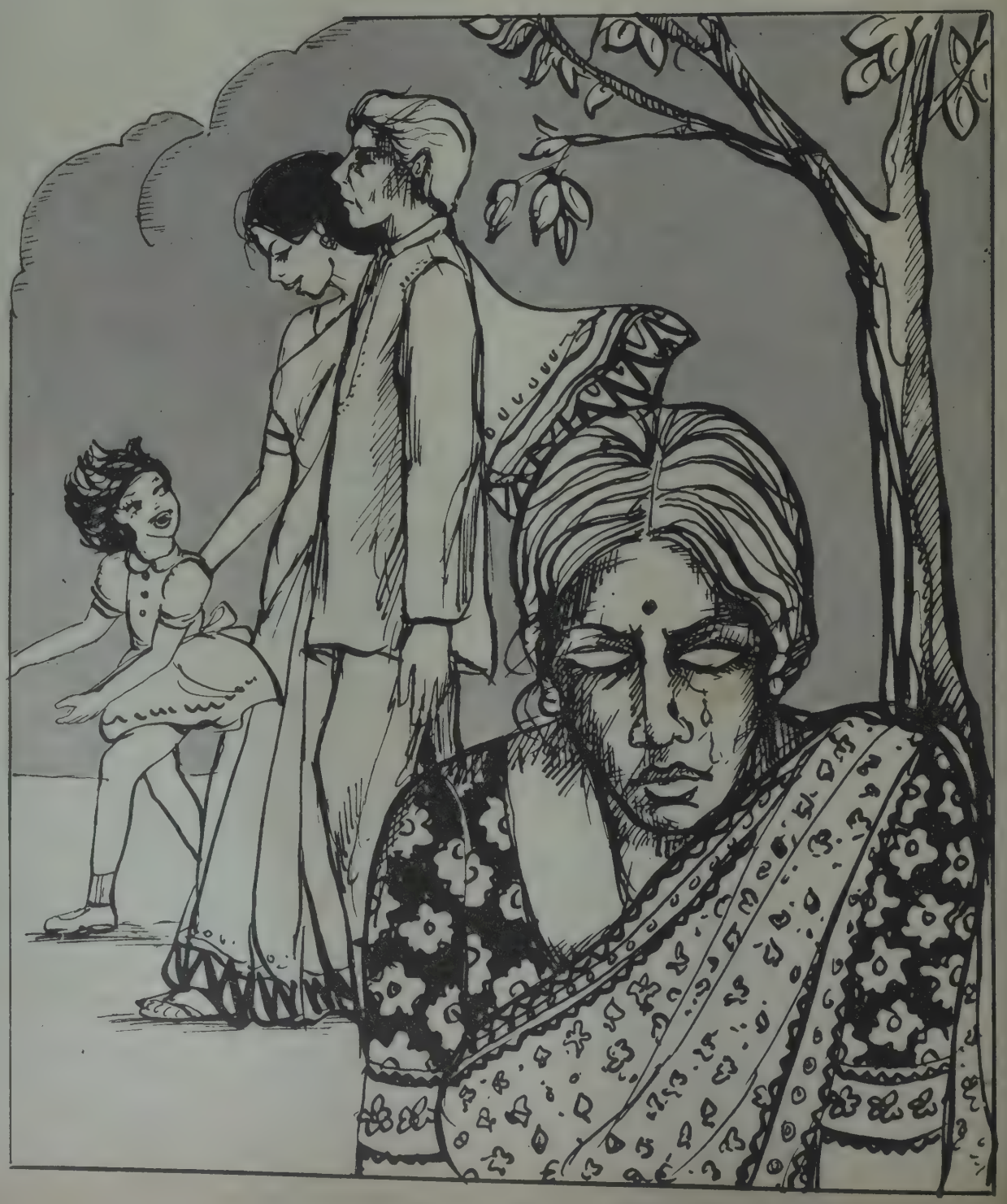
This long struggle, the deepening frustration, have left their scars and the only way I can seek mental relief is by relating the events now, so that my heart can be a little lighter.

Why did I undertake the struggle? For love of course. But it seems ridiculous now, for it was love for somebody who cracked in the very first act of the drama and dwarfed himself under the giant shadow of his father and desperately clung to me for survival. I have been married for these 30 long, weary years, yet I have never had the rights and joys of a wife.

Pal was in his final year at college and I was in the first year when I first met him. Besides being a well-known poet, Pal was also working as a part time sub-editor with a small weekly. In those days, I used to write short stories, but was too scared to send any of them for publishing. I wanted somebody else to read them and give an impartial opinion about them. One day, taking courage in both hands, I decided to show them to Pal. It was not easy. I was extremely shy, so I requested my friend to stand with me near the gate in the afternoon to give me the courage to accost him. When he came I called out his name and with almost trembling hands gave him my stories and requested him to read them and give his honest opinion about them. He promised to do so in a couple of days. But after that I could not bring myself to go to him.

First it was his family, then it was his political ambition... And I remain a lonely, unhappy victim

A few days later, I was sitting in the library scanning through the pages of a magazine. My heart suddenly jumped. My story was published in it! It was like a dream come true. I was so exultant that I went around showing the magazine to everybody in the family. With by story having been published in a magazine I gained a lot of praise among fellow students. It was all due to Pal; but for him I could have never believed that what I wrote was worth anything.



I was extremely grateful to Pal and invited him to my place and introduced him to all the members of my family. He was liked by everybody for his intelligence, simplicity and patriotic fevour. My initial fears and inhibitions vanished and I started talking to him freely. He was an active member of the freedom movement and he suggested to me that I should also start taking part in it. I never came to the forefront, but whatever job was assigned to me I discharged gladly. In this way I came in close contact with him, and it was not long before we fell in love. As my parents had liked Pal from the very first day they agreed to our marriage without much fuss. But Pal was not sure of his parents' reaction and so requested my parents to take up the matter with them.

When my parents took the proposal of our marriage to Pal's parents his father rejected it outright. His father was a big business man and he wanted a girl from a very rich family. Moreover, he was very orthodox and did not approve of love marriages. In those days even seeing a girl before marriage was not permitted, so the idea of a love marriage was anathema to the old man. Besides, he nurtured a great aversion to educated girls because, like many of the orthodox, he believed that an educated girl made a poor wife.

So he rejected the proposal and ordered Pal not to see me in future. He also began hunting for a girl for his son. Pal did not like his father's attitude, but did not have the courage to revolt against him, though I decided in my mind that I would either get married to Pal or never get married. Pal continued meeting me and we were both hopeful that we would be able to find out some way to get his father's approval. A couple of times when Pal's father got his marriage almost fixed, I sent the girl's family the letters Pal had written to me and got the negotiations stopped.

After about six months, Pal did not come to our place for a week. I was surprised, as earlier, however busy he might have been, he was always able to snatch a few moments to come and see me. After ten days I got a letter from Pal — a letter filled with apologies and explanations. I was stunned when I read that letter. Pal had married a girl called Rama and his excuse was that he could not withstand his father's threats and family pressure. But he assured that he loved only me, that his marriage was a farce and he still wanted to marry me.

The shock was unbearable and I had a nervous breakdown. My parents too suffered with me and became desperate when I told them I was firmly resolved never to marry. Of course my parents opposed my decision vehemently and our relatives ridiculed my father for having given so much freedom to me. Everyone of them came and harassed me, urging me to get married like other girls. Life became unbearable and finally I thought flight was the only course. So I went away to Delhi and found work as a teacher.

After Partition my parents also joined me. My father had become very weak and had gone almost mad. He always talked about my marriage and said that the path I had chosen was very difficult. He died later, bitterly disappointed at not seeing me married.

In spite of his marriage Pal kept on coming to see me. And I also could not disengage myself from him. After about a year we got married in a temple. I was very happy that at last my wish was fulfilled. I started putting sindoor in the parting of my hair and expected everybody to call me Mrs. Pal. Little did I know at that time that this marriage carried no meaning in the eyes of society. Rama, and only Rama, who was the mother of his children, and also a partner in his business, who lived in his house, remained his wife socially and legally.

Pal did not have the courage to take me out and declare me as his wife. Rama was the mother of his children and he could not break himself from her, but he could not leave me either.

Years passed, but there was no change in the routine of my life. Just like earlier days Pal continued visiting me once or twice a month on his business trips to Delhi. It pained me sometimes to think that my house was more or less a guest-house for Pal. During his visits I often asked him with tears in my eyes, "When will you give me a home, Pal? I don't want you to be my guest for a few days for the rest of my life. I want to be your wife, living with you in our house as its mistress."

Pal would assure me that one day he would take me to his place and accept me publicly as his wife. His assurances cheered me up for the moment and I kept on waiting for the blessed day.

After Independence he made tremendous progress in his life. His political work in the past helped him now and in the first general elections he became a member of the Legislative Assembly. He had good prospects of even becoming a Minister. Earlier, I had been sacrificed on the altar of his family and now it was his political ambition. Being an important public figure he could not afford to get his image tarnished by telling the public that besides Rama whom the whole world knew as Mrs. Pal, there was another Mrs. Pal. So I remained hidden in the background.

Whenever he came to Delhi on his political and business work he always stayed with me. Now I had become principal of the school. When other teachers came to know that I put up Pal in my flat during his visits to Delhi, they looked mockingly at me and I had also to hear my neighbours' contemptuous comments. I have had to put up with this humiliation for the past thirty years. It has been unbearable at times. So I have been sentenced to solitary confinement for life, waiting in vain for my husband to claim me and tell the world that I am his wife. I have been waiting for the last thirty years but hope is evaporating. But then what else have I to cling to?

To the modern generation all this fidelity to the man I love will appear very strange, but I cannot cast away the values of my generation. I have fought a lifelong battle to preserve those values.

My mother, who was my constant companion, is no more now. I shall retire in another six months. And then it will become more difficult for me to pass the vacant and lonely hours ruminating on my past with no one to turn to for solace. And when I tell my story, probably the only comment will be, "You have made your bed, now lie on it."

QUIZ

HEGMAN

1. In which year did Field Marshal Maneckshaw retire?

2. What is the English word for Indian ghee?

3. Why is it impossible for ships to sail in the Sea of Tranquillity?

4. What animal is featured on the flag of Sri Lanka?

5. Roughly, what's the difference between the gravity on the moon and that on the earth?

6. Which sportsman is described as a pugilist?

7. Which country was formerly known as Northern Rhodesia?

8. What was Gandhiji's father's name?

9. Who created the following fictional characters? a) James Bond, b) Jane Marple, d) Sam Spade, d) Lord Peter Wimsey.

10. What's common to Sudhir Das, R. K. Laxman, Abu Abraham and Mario Miranda?

11. Which Indian statesman's birthday is celebrated all over India as Teacher's Day?

12. True or False? Hyperbole is an astronomical term.

13. What is the value of sine squared 60 and cosine squared 60?

14. What does the dove as a symbol of peace carry?

15. Who is the patron saint of children?

16. According to myth, where did Samson's strength lie?

17. Who wrote "Roses in December"?

18. What domestic animal's name is sometimes applied to a man's beard?

19. What is the antonym of a synonym?

20. On what river does Jabalpur stand?

ANSWERS

1. A Field Marshal never retires.
2. Clarified butter.
3. The Sea of Tranquillity is not a sea, but an area on the moon.
4. The lion.
5. The gravity on the moon is 1/6th of that of the Earth.
6. Boxer.
7. Zambia.
8. Karamchand.
9. a) Ian Fleming, b) Agatha Christie, c) Dashiell Hammett, d) Dorothy Sayers.
10. Cartoons. They are all cartoonists.
11. Dr. S. Radhakrishnan's birthday.
12. False. It is a figure of speech implying exaggeration.
13. 1 (one).
14. The olive branch.
15. St. Nicholas.
16. In his hair.
17. Mr. M. C. Chagla.
18. Goat(ee).
19. Antonym!
20. Narmada.

TUNE IN TO TUNA !

Sushilla Vaswani

Everyone's busy these days and getting busier — which helps explain the booming demand for canned foods. One of these, the canned tuna, doesn't ask a thing of you. No refrigeration, no trimming or fussing, no long hungry waits! Preserved and ready to eat, you can combine it with vegetables for salad, mash it up for kababs or sizzle quickly to glory for a nice spicy curry. Tuna gives you a matchless flavour whether you have it straight from the can or use it for canapes and sandwiches. It adds variety to your menu and is a delightful way of dishing out a quick meal.

Food Courtesy: Lakshadweep Tuna, Cochin.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

TUNA FISH SALAD

1 tin tuna fish
½ kg. boiled peas
100 grams boiled, diced French beans
100 grams boiled, diced carrots
½ kg. diced cucumbers
1 cup mayonnaise
8-10 tender lettuce leaves
2 green chillis, minced
3 large tomatoes, sliced
2 onions, sliced

Garnish: Red radish, celery, hard-boiled eggs.

Make a bed of lettuce leaves in a salad dish. Place onion rings and tomato slices right around it. Mix mayonnaise with green peas, beans, carrots, cucumber and mashed fish and place it in the centre of the dish. Garnish with radish roses, chopped celery and sliced hard-boiled eggs.

HAWAIN RICE WITH TUNA FISH

1 tin tuna fish
2-3 onions, chopped
2 tomatoes, chopped
1 tbsp. ginger-garlic-green chillis paste
½ kg. capsicums
½ cup tomato ketchup
2 cups boiled rice
1 tbsp. cummin seed powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
2 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
½ cup grated cheese
Salt to taste
3 tbsps. ghee

Remove capsicum seeds and stuff

them with the ginger-garlic paste. Heat ghee and fry the onions till golden brown, add the sauces, tomatoes, cummin seed powder, chilli powder and salt and mix it well. Add the capsicums and fry for at least five minutes till tender and then pour this mixture into the boiled rice. Mix it up well and put the mixture along with fish into a baking dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a moderate (350 deg. F.) oven for 15 minutes.

TUNA FISH CROQUETTES

1 tin tuna fish
½ kg. mashed potatoes
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tbsp. garlic paste
½ cup chopped coriander leaves
2 tbsps. ground coconut
2 egg yolks
2 tbsps. lime juice
Salt to taste
Bread — crumbs
Ghee or oil

Mash the fish, mix it with potatoes and then blend in all the other ingredients except bread-crumbs. Take a little mixture and make into a cigar shape (croquette). Roll them into bread-crumbs and deep fry in ghee until golden brown.

TUNA FISH CURRY

1 tin tuna fish
2 cups coconut milk
1 tsp. mustard seeds
Salt to taste
3 tbsps. ghee
½ cup chopped coriander leaves
GRIND TO PASTE :
3 onions, fried
7-8 green chillis
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 cup grated coconut
2 tbsps. tamarind juice
3 tomatoes, chopped
1 tsp. garam masala powder
1 tsp. cummin seed powder
1" piece ginger
7-8 cloves garlic

Heat ghee and fry mustard seeds till they splutter. Add masala paste and fry for few minutes, then add half cup coconut milk. Stir till the coconut milk dries up, then add the rest of the coconut milk and keep on a slow fire till gravy is thick. Add pieces of tuna fish, stir and cook for few minutes more. Serve hot, garnished with chopped coriander.

TUNA FISH SPREAD

½ tin tuna fish
½ tsp. mustard powder
½ tsp. salt
100 grams butter
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 cup grated cheese
1 tsp. chopped parsley

Beat butter and cheese for 15 minutes, then add salt, chilli powder, mustard powder, parsley and mashed fish. Beat it up well. Apply mixture or spread on hot toasts or on salted biscuits.

MEHMOODI MACHLI

2 onions, chopped in rings
½ cup oil
1 tin tuna fish
1 can water
3 tbsps. butter
1 cup boiled spaghetti
1 onion, sliced lengthwise
2 tbsps. cornflour
Salt and pepper to taste
2 capsicums, chopped
½ cup chopped coriander leaves

FRITTERS :

Beat eggs, add in the tuna fish (mashed), cheese, flour, chilli powder, salt, onion, baking powder and curds and mix well. Deep fry in spoonfuls till golden brown (fritters or bhajias).

SOUP :

Melt the butter, add onions and brown, then add tomato puree, water, salt and pepper. When mixture bubbles, add cornflour and stir till thick. Add spaghetti and capsicums, boil for few minutes. Arrange fritters in a dish and pour the soup over it. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves. Serve hot.

SHAMAN'S FISH SPECIAL

1 kg. potatoes (boiled and mashed)
1 tin tuna fish
2 onions, sliced
1 tsp. crushed garlic
½ cup tomato sauce
½ kg. tomatoes, minced
6 to 8 green chillis, chopped finely
½ kg. capsicums (cut in cubes)
½ cup cheese, grated
½ cup coriander leaves, chopped
1 raw egg
3 hard boiled eggs, sliced
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. white vinegar
4 tbsps. oil
2 tbsps. bread-crumbs

FILLING:

Heat oil, add in the crushed garlic. When brown, add in the onions. When onions turn brown, add in the tomatoes, chillis, vinegar, salt, capsicums and fish. Keep stirring the mixture till it leaves oil and then add in the tomato sauce and mix it up well till quite dry and then add in chopped coriander leaves, and sandwich it inbetween the potato layers and bake.

PALAK PASTE :
3 bunches spinach (raw)
1" piece ginger
6-8 green chillis
12-15 cloves garlic
4 tomatoes
1 1tbsp. cummin seed powder
1 tbsp. coriander powder
1 tbsp. garam masala
Salt to taste

Heat oil, fry the onions in it till golden brown and then add the palak paste. Cook it for a few minutes and then add the fish and keep stirring it and then cover and cook on slow fire for 10-15 minutes. Serve hot with tandoori roti.

HOLLYWOOD FISH ON BREAD

6 slices of bread
1 cup tomato sauce
3 tbsps. Worcestershire sauce
2 tbsps. oil
1 cup chopped mushrooms (optional)
½ tin mashed tuna fish
1 cup cheese, grated
1 cup chopped spring onions
2 capsicums, chopped
2 tbsps. bread — crumbs
2 tbsps. butter
Salt and chilli sauce to taste

Grease a dish, place slices of bread close to one another, sprinkle Worcestershire sauce, half of the cheese over the bread and then place spring onions, capsicums, fish, tomato sauce, salt and chilli sauce in layers and then sprinkle rest of the cheese and bread crumbs. Dot it with butter and bake for 20-30 minutes.

HUNGARIAN FISH FRITTERS IN TOMATO SOUP

FRITTERS :
½ tin tuna fish
1 cup grated cheese
2 eggs (raw)
1 cup flour
2 green chillis, chopped
1 tsp. chilli powder
2 tbsps. curds
1 onion, minced
A pinch of baking powder

TOMATO SOUP :
1 can tomato puree

cuckoo lal
To remove ball point ink stains, sponge with carbon tetrachloride and wash in warm soap suds. To keep food hot, seal tightly and wrap thickly in newspaper.

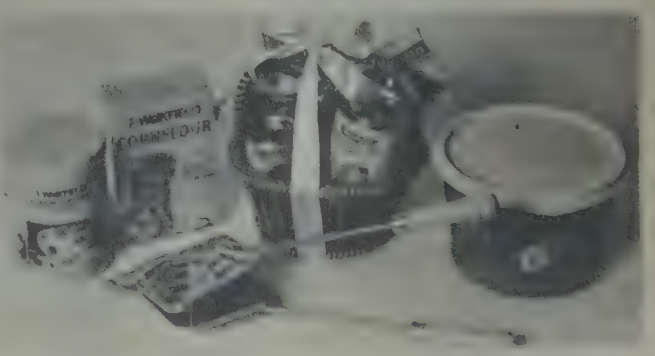
POTATO LAYER:

Boil and mash the potatoes, add salt, cheese and a raw egg. Mix well. Divide this into two equal portions. Grease a baking dish with butter and roll out one portion of the mashed potatoes into a chappati and place it in the dish and bake for 5 minutes in a moderate oven. Remove the dish. Place a layer of the filling and over it, place sliced boiled eggs and over the boiled eggs place the other half of the mashed potatoes rolled into a chappati and cover the filling. Sprinkle bread crumbs, dot with butter and bake till golden brown for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

We regret that in our issue of February 18, 1978, owing to oversight, we forgot to mention that the recipes of "Kashmiri Cuisine" were taken from the book, "Kashmiri Cooking" by Krishna Prasad Dar.

ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS !
MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WIEKFIELD containing Wiekfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Raja Susila Travis, Cuddalore.

DAL BALL CURRY

½ kg. red gram
15 spring onions, chopped
10 green chillis, chopped
2 sprigs curry leaves, chopped
50 grams cashewnuts fried, chopped

GRIND COARSELY:

1" piece ginger
½ grated coconut
4 cloves
1 tbsp. poppy seeds
1 large pod garlic
Salt to taste

GRAVY:

5 spring onions, chopped
¼ kg. tomatoes, chopped
1 bunch coriander leaves, chopped
Tamarind to taste
6 tbsps. refined oil

ROAST AND GRIND TO PASTE:

15 red chillis
1 tsp. cummin seeds
2 tbsps. coriander seeds
1" piece turmeric
½ grated coconut
1 large pod of garlic
2 medium cinnamon sticks
5 cloves

FOR BALLS:

Soak red gram for a few hours, clean, drain and grind to a coarse paste. Add chopped ingredients and the ground paste to it. Mix well. Make small balls of the paste and keep aside.

GRAVY:

Soak the tamarind in sufficient quantity of water. Heat oil, fry onions, tomatoes, coriander leaves and ground masala, till brown. Add tamarind water. Mix well. Cover and cook for 10 minutes. Then add the dal balls slowly. Cover and cook till the balls are boiled and crisp on the outside.

Neerja Sethi, Bombay.

FESTIVE SWEET SOUR BRINJALS

4 long, tender brinjals (same length) slit lengthwise in two
Refined oil for frying
½ tsp. turmeric
Salt to taste
Chopped coriander leaves
2 tbsps. freshly grated cheese
50 grams cashewnuts, chopped and fried
1 green chilli, chopped

DRY ROAST, THEN POWDER WELL:

1 small piece cinnamon
2 tsps. poppy seeds
2 tsps. white til
8 peppercorns
4 cloves
1 tsp. shahjeera
1 tsp. cummin seeds
4 cardamoms
1 black cardamom
1 tsp. onion seeds
1 tsp. ajwain

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE:

2 dry dates
1 tsp. raisins
A large piece fresh ginger
1 onion, peeled and chopped
2 ripe tomatoes, blanched and chopped
2" piece of fresh or dried mango
Jaggery, the size of a large sized lime
Tamarind, size of a lime
1 apple, cored, peeled and grated
1 slice pineapple, cut into small bits
2 red chillis
2 green chillis
3 tbsps. vinegar
3 tbsps. grated fresh coconut, roasted

Wash and wipe brinjals dry. Heat oil in a kerahi. When it starts smoking, add brinjals, two pieces at a time, and fry till crisp. Drain and keep aside.

Heat two tablespoons oil in a heavy bottomed vessel. Add ground masala and turmeric and fry for five minutes, or till the mixture is well fried. Add four cups water, salt to taste and powdered masala. When water boils briskly, add brinjals one by one. Cover and simmer on a medium-low fire for some time, then remove cover and simmer till gravy is thick. Remove from fire and pour into an attractive bowl. Garnish with cheese, cashewnuts, coriander and green chillis and serve piping hot with plain boiled rice and potato chips.

N.B.: A tablespoon of beaten curd, malai or paneer can be added to the gravy before adding brinjals, to enhance flavour.

Sandhya Iyer, Nagpur.

STEAMING SOFTIES

½ kg. rice
Milk of 2 coconuts
250 grams sugar
3-4 cardamoms

Soak rice for half an hour in water and dry it. Grind into a fine flour. Put out into a vessel, add three glasses of boiling water, and place it on a slow fire stirring until it becomes a fine solid paste. Make very small balls of rice mixture and steam them. Add sugar to coconut milk and add the steamed balls. Boil it for 15 minutes. Add cardamom powder. Serve with puris or chappatis.

weekly winner

Mrs. Uma Bhasin, of Bihar wins, Rs. 50 cash prize for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster, and 9 cup Store fresh container by Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift hamper by Wiekfield and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

BHUTTA SHAHI KORMA

6 bhuttas (corn on cob)
250 grams curd
4 tsps. poppy seeds
1" piece ginger
1 tsp. turmeric powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
Juice of 2 bhuttas
3 tbsps. pure ghee
4 tbsps. cream
Salt to taste
6-8 cashew nuts
6-8 almonds
12 currants
Silver foil (warq)

Take out all the corn and boil them. When they are soft and tender, keep them aside. Grind poppy seeds and ginger. Heat ghee in a saucepan and add ground poppy seeds and ginger and when browned, add the masala and fry till light brown. Add curd and bhutta juice. When the masala separates from the ghee, add the boiled corn. Stir in a little water and cream and half of the dry fruits and let it cook for five to seven minutes. When serving garnish with silver warq, finely chopped cashew nuts, almonds and currants.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly and monthly contests and Recipes From Readers' page must be accompanied by this coupon. Those not accompanied by the coupon and a passport size photograph will not be considered for publication.

Address your entry to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Bombay Samachar Marg, Fort, Bombay-400 023

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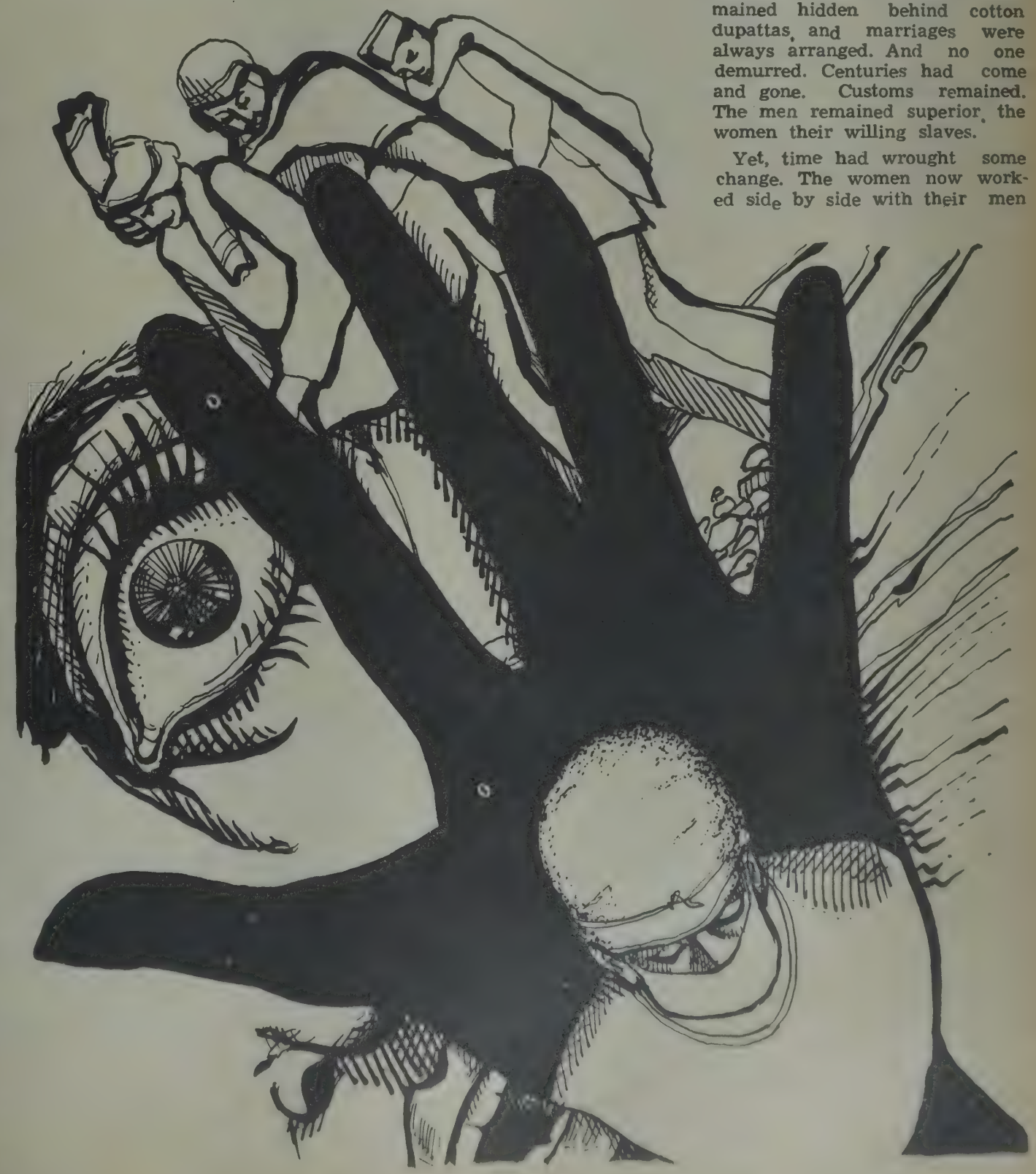
THE BUS STOP

Pramilla Bharat Singh

An Army officer faces a mind boggling situation because he has left his identity card behind. A story of the Emergency days



For obvious reasons I will have to remain incognito. This is a story that could have happened to anyone during the Emergency, but that it happened to me — an Army officer — I would call it exceptional.

We, in the Army, are not politically motivated. We are always loyal to the Government, no matter which party rules the nation. There may be differences of opinion, but these are not relevant in an Army officer's life. All our energies are directed towards one aim — to be professionally sound and keep the Army fit for war.

In the course of our lives many soft edges are rubbed away and sentiment is covered with a hard surface of realism. It is not enough to believe in God or destiny. We have to plan coolly every move of our troops, we have to learn how to outmanoeuvre our enemy, to hit where it is most effective with only one ultimate goal — to capture or destroy the enemy.

Against this background I now relate an episode which was to have far reaching effects on my otherwise normal, healthy existence.

It was the month of November. Dusk had fallen. There was absolute silence. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the advent of a motor cycle which pulled up with a screech outside our small white gate.

"Hullo, Ram!"

"Hullo Sudhir, what brings you here? I would have thought it was time for your rum punch," I thumped my friend affectionately on his broad shoulders. He accepted my jest in good humour. We had known each other too long, through N.D.A., I.M.A., and now serving in the same battalion.

He followed me into the drawing room calling out cheerfully, "Bhabi, tea for two. Hullo Munna, how are you?" Sudhir shook hands solemnly with my three-year-old. He turned towards me.

"I hear you are off home on casual leave tomorrow."

I nodded my head.

"Do me a favour, Ram. Look up my parents on your way back. I believe my mother is ailing and refuses to see a doctor. She says it is all in God's hands. Life and death are beyond man's power. What will be, will be." Sudhir's open face looked depressed and his spirits dejected.

Impatiently I retorted, "These people in the village will never learn. How often have I told my father also that they must learn to fight adverse situations and not leave everything to fate or destiny, but he is so stubborn. He says, 'kismet hai'. Now tell me, how will the village women learn if the head of the family knows no better?" Contempt tinged my tone.

"Bhai," Sudhir spoke in soothing tones. "I don't entirely blame them. There is fate or destiny. Call it what you like. Only I do wish my mother would see a doctor."

I opened my mouth to argue further, but the arrival of my petite wife, Usha, dispelled the serious atmosphere.

"Now Sudhir, not again. You know Ram's view on God and Man. I will pray for your mother's good health and Ram will go and visit your village also. It is only three miles away."

Deftly she changed the conversation. I think women would make better diplomats. The evening passed pleasantly.

Next day I left for home... Home spells to me a village in Haryana where progress was still too slow. True, there was one middle school, a dispensary and a post office, but these had little changed the even tenor of the folks who dwelt there.

Fields were still ploughed in the age old way of two bullocks, the women carried utensils on their slim necked heads to bring back sweet water for drinking from half a mile away. Children played in the sand, half naked, a shirt their only covering.

School was dependent on moods and demands. If a child was needed in the field then education was given lower priority. The law of the land prevailed. Fair faces with kohled eyes remained hidden behind cotton dupattas, and marriages were always arranged. And no one demurred. Centuries had come and gone. Customs remained. The men remained superior, the women their willing slaves.

Yet, time had wrought some change. The women now worked side by side with their men

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folk. They laughed and flirted during the harvesting season, but all the while they remained wary. A certain decorum was always observed. They had yet to taste freedom of movement and speech. I was born in this age-old, tradition bound village. It held me in its tenacious hold. I loved it even though I revolted against its orthodox way of life. If only they did not depend so much on "kismet"!

At New Delhi I changed into civvies and leaving my trunk with a brother officer, I caught the last bus home. In my hand I carried a small air bag which contained my shaving kit, some books and a bottle of rum for my father, wrapped in a small towel. I loved wearing dhoti and kurta once I got home. So the question of carrying an overnight bag had never risen. These I always borrowed from my brother who tilled the land.

I settled myself comfortably mid-way, with a boy of twenty for my seat campanion. The rest of the bus was filled with men of all ages, most of them of my tribe — Jats — with a few others in between. There was not a single woman... I was not surprised. The last bus always left at 7 p.m and one could not reach one's destination before nine. And no women folk from our side travelled late at night unless the circumstances were extraordinary and the need great.

I anticipated with pleasure the sag and roti my mother would have prepared with home made butter. She knew my weakness for it. So many memories crowded my mind that I became oblivious to the crowd, journey, or time. I have travelled along this route so many times that I could close my eyes and say, "We have travelled twenty miles so far" and I would not be wrong. I knew the stops, the halts, the landmarks blind folded. Only fifteen miles more...

The bus screeched to a halt. I woke with a start. Darkness surrounded us. Where were we?

"Kya bat hai?" everyone spoke in chorus. The driver looked scared. The bus conductor blew his whistle. "Remain in your seats," he commanded.

An eerie silence befell us. We were made to troop out one by one. And then it struck me hard and forcibly. We had been held up by dacoits. All my training came to the fore. I cursed myself for having left my revolver behind. An Army officer is allowed to carry his licensed fire-arm but in uniform and I had discarded both. My mind worked fast. Surely such a large crowd could overwhelm the adversary. Surprise was the element of victory.

And then I noticed the difference. In the glare of one bright light a tent was pitched up guarded by armed police. I heard people's voices raised in alarm, fear and some in belligerence. The moments that followed I will never forget in living memory. For once I knew fear. Fear that brought an arid saliva to my mouth. For this was not an enemy attack. It was a sterilization drive. I tried to pacify the men around me. Nobody could force anyone to undergo compulsory sterilization. There must be some mistake.

I broke the line and went forward. A small man with a thin moustache was busy filling a note book. Beyond, sounds of pain and grunts filled the night air.

"I am a captain of the Indian Army," I spoke loudly.

"Show me your credentials," he demanded, still busy with his note-book.

"Credentials!" I blurted out. Oh God! What a fool I had been! They were lying in New Delhi in a locked trunk. I picked up courage. "I don't have my identity card with me. You will have to believe me that I am an Army officer and as such you cannot touch me. Nor these people outside." I indicated an angry finger outside.

"Speak for yourself. What proof have we that you are an Army officer?" he asked coolly. I wished I could bash his face in. I had won the boxing blues in Dehra Dun.

"Look here, you cannot forcibly sterilize me. You will be sorry all your life if you so much as lay a finger on me. I am an Army officer," I rose from my chair and looked threateningly towards him. Where had all my training gone? Before I knew, two men held me firmly between them and dragged me to the inner tent.

For a stunned moment a nurse, a doctor, two bare beds with white sheets and some instruments gleaming under the bright light registered in my brain. My thoughts took a wild turn. I thought of Munna and Usha. I was not going to be treated like a caged animal.

"Look here," I could not believe that the shrill voice was mine. Was it fear?

"Now who have we here?" a composed voice spoke behind me.

I whirled round. As the face came into focus a kaleidoscope of events were mirrored in my mind. Om Prakash and myself playing in the sand. Growing up and taking part in "kusti" (wrestling). Walking to school four miles away, sucking sugar cane, eating choolas or carrots from fields growing along the canal en route to school. Middle school, high school. Competitions, exams. He, to Rohtak medical college. I, to I.M.A., Dehra Dun. Village youths, now grown up, educated, professional men.

"You!" I almost shouted the words

"Ram." he laid a gentle hand on my shoulder.

"Don't touch me," I glared at him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Going home. Where else?" I snapped.

"Then go," he commanded gently. "The bus is waiting outside."

Stupefied my legs gave way. I sat down suddenly on the charpoy. I realized how close to defeat I had been. Would I have succumbed to their demands if Om Prakash had not been there? So many others had. Dazed, I looked at him. The childhood bondage. That hurt badly. I felt let down. How could he?

"Sahib, aur tyar hai," a man moved inside.

"Theek hai, andar bhej do." Then he turned towards me and said, "Bhai Ram, you do your duty. I will do mine."

I walked out into the night. I did not climb into the bus. I walked those miles home. I peeled some nuts I had in my pockets and put them into my mouth. They tasted like ashes. I spit them out.

At dawn I saw the tips of the red tiled houses of my village. I drank in the fresh air. It cleansed my heart of foul thoughts. My village, so clean and untouched. Home is where the heart is. This was where Om Prakash and I had played as children and shared innumerable escapades. What fate had brougnt him to that particular sterilization camp? Would I ever be able to forgive him? What had happened to the others? I had escaped a punishment worse than death. Was it destiny? I have never laughed at "kismet" again.

If Usha saw the change in me she never questioned me. She knew I would tell in my own time. Maybe the time has come because in relating my experience some of the horror has passed into these lines, for whenever I pass that particular stop I cannot help thinking, "If Om Prakash had not been there that night? Then what...?"

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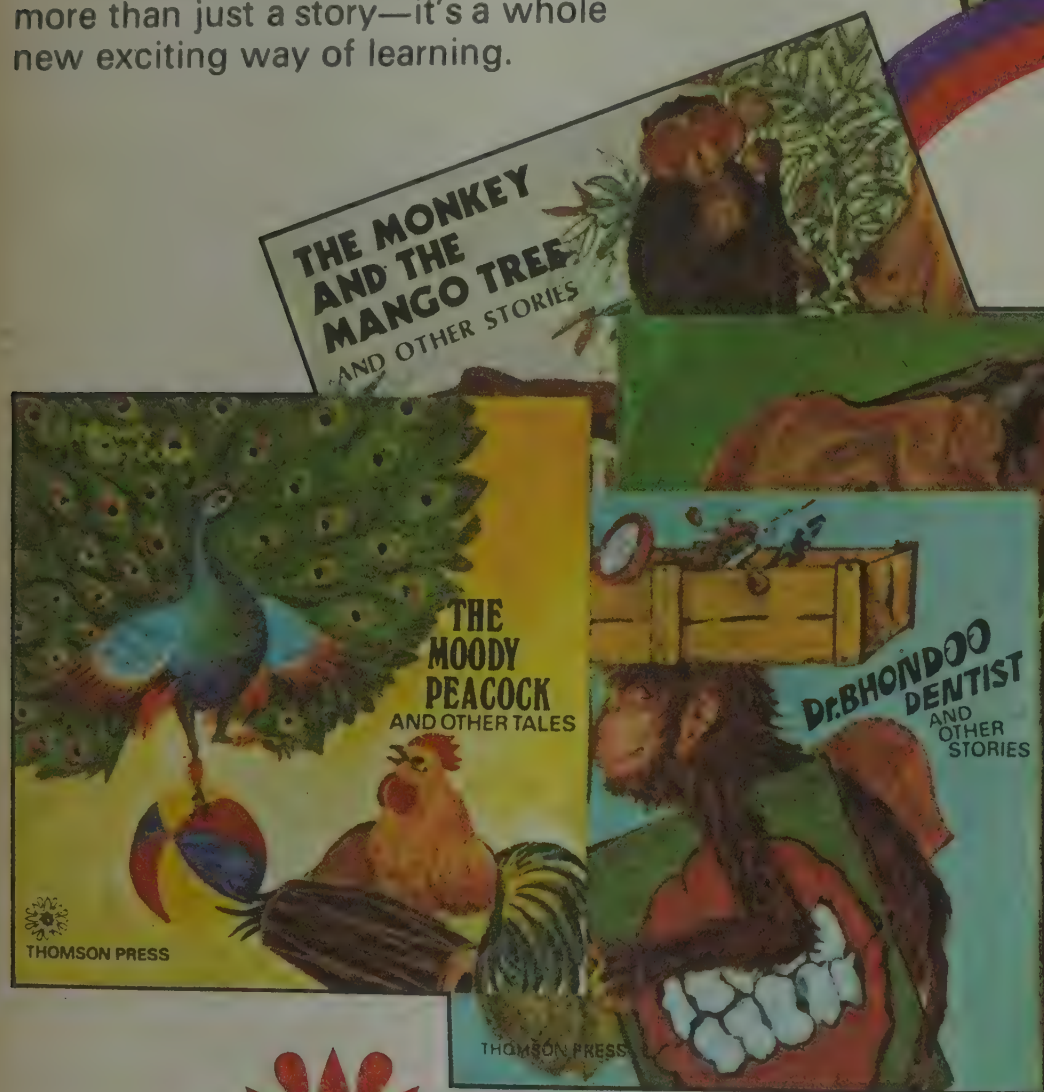

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SHABANA:

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N. Bharathi

"I like to look after the house, make tea and do the shopping myself. When I go to buy vegetables in the market the public recognises me and little boys shout 'Shabana's mother, Shabana's mother.' I feel proud to be known as Shabana's mother. When my husband, Kaifi, is recognised as Shabana's father (and he is much more famous than I am), why should I feel bad about it? Children are an extension of their parents. We see ourselves in our children. Shabana's success is our success and we feel good about it.

"Shabana treats me like a friend. She can't hide anything from me. Of course, she loves and respects her father. But he's a reserved man while I am terribly talkative. Shabana takes after me in many ways. She talks too much and she has many of my mannerisms. And I feel proud that like me, she has taken to acting, too.

"Shabana was born in an atmosphere of actors and acting. When she was a child I used to take her with me to Prithvi Theatres and keep her in the make-up room. I remember she was hardly four years old when she stood in a corner and watched me enact a mad woman in a play called 'Pugli'. After the play she came running to me and asked me not to become that sort of a woman. I explained to her that I was just acting. So you see, she was born and brought up in an atmosphere conducive to becoming an actress.

"God has blessed Shabana with very high intelligence. Though she's more comfortable in English, she knows her Urdu very well. In fact, her father always shows her his poetry immediately after it is written. Shabana has a terrific sense of poetry. She follows even the difficult poetry of Ghalib and rightly feels that he is the best poet in the world.

"As an actress I would love to see Shabana in absolutely different roles. I once went to Hyderabad for three plays. In all of them I had such different get-ups that one man remarked that he didn't have even an inkling of what the real Shaukat looked like! I would like Shabana to show her versatility. Whatever others might have to say on the subject, I feel that Shabana should do commercial films as well as art films.

"To Shabana, acting in commercial films is a must so that more fame, more money, better stardom and a wider audience can be secured. By becoming a star and having the audience with her, a good film like say, 'Swami', will have her fans seeing it readily. By achieving this, Shabana feels she will be doing her mite to help the masses cultivate a taste for good cinema. Today if a top star like Amitabh were to act in an art film, his fans will see it and improve their taste. It is this thought of Shabana's which I find fascinating and beautiful.

"The decision to join the Institute was entirely Shabana's. I have always encouraged my children to do what they want to do as long as it is honest work. Shabana has grown up into an affectionate, honest and independent girl. She's ultra-sensitive — a combination of her poet father's sensitiveness and her actress-mother's too. If she dislikes a person she dislikes him/her fully. If she takes to somebody she'll trust him/her forever. And when she is let down by a friend she can't forgive the person for the rest of her life. In school I had stitched for her a very pretty dress. But her teacher gave the dress to her own daughter for a play and gave Shabana a long gown to wear. This upset her so badly that even today, Shabana says that when she thinks of that teacher she can't think well of her. . .

"Shabana is honest and forthright. It hurts when people like Vidya Sinha make indecent statements like 'Shabana is good only for rape scenes.' How can one talk of an artiste like Shabana in those terms? And Vidya says that Shabana tells lies all the time. That statement is the biggest lie I have ever heard! When I read a good article on Shabana, for the next three days I feel euphoric. When something bad is written you don't know how it hurts. I feel down hearted, depressed and even lose my appetite.

"I see most of Shabana's films and if it is something like 'Swami' I see it many times to watch her performance. I liked her in 'Ek Hi Raasta' and in 'Parvarish' too. But in films like 'Shaque' and 'Amar Akbar Anthony' I didn't like seeing her. When Shabana took 'A.A.A.' she was told that the girls in it would be just decoration pieces. But she liked working with Manmohan Desai in 'Parvarish' and so she agreed. There seems to be some misunderstanding and Shabana is not to be blamed for it. Her secretary had given her dates to more than one producer and Shabana was unaware of it. She was shooting faraway from home when the message reached her that the rest of the 'A.A.A.' unit were waiting for her. By the time she got their message they had cancelled the shooting. It wasn't Shabana's fault. I've been trying to explain this to Manmohan Desai, but for some reason he seems cut up with Shabana. I really don't know what to do about this. . ." concluded Shaukat Azmi.

Photograph: Girish Shukla

children's page

Kamal Aurora

TONGUE TWISTERS

WORDS have a funny way of getting stuck in your tongue if you repeat them very fast. Here are some sentences to test you. Try and repeat these tongue twisters as fast as you can without making mistakes!

Double bubble gum bubbles double.

Preshrunk shirts.

A bloke's back brake block broke.

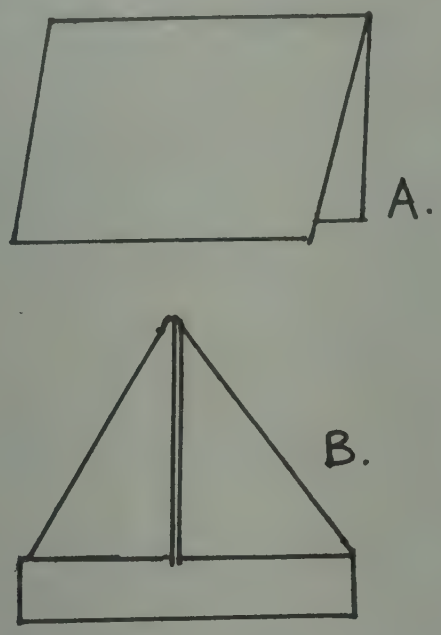
Six slim slick slender saplings.

Fanny Finch fried five floundering fish for Francis' father.

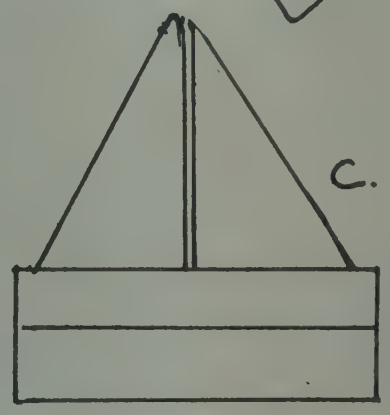
MAKE A PAPER HAT

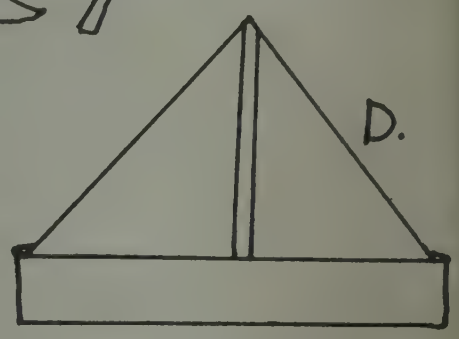
Take a sheet of bright coloured paper 20"×16". Follow drawings A and B. Can you complete the paper hat shown below?

To make the feather cut out the drawing shown below and fringe the edges with a scissor.



After A and B follow drawing C and D.





C. Turn up the lower edge as shown in this drawing and then turn up the other edge to match.

D. This makes your hat as shown in this drawing.

THE ADVENTURES OF omphy-momphy tuk tuk

"I write better than you!" said Omphy Momphy.

"Ha! I write better than you!" said Mun Mun.

"Look at my 'O'!" said Omphy Momphy. He drew a round, fat O.

"Look at my 'O'!" said Mun Mun and drew a round fat O.

"I can write 'pen and pencil' better than you," said Omphy Momphy and wrote the two words.

Omphy Momphy had written 'pensil' instead of 'pencil'. Mun Mun began to laugh. "I can spell better than you!' he said and pointed at what Omphy Momphy had written.

"Never mind," said Omphy Momphy, "but I draw better than you spell," and he drew a pen and pencil.

"I can draw a cat," said Mun Mun and drew a cat.

"I draw better than you," said Omphy Momphy and drew a cat.

"Never mind if you draw better than me," said Mun Mun, "I play marbles better than you!"

"Ha!" said Omphy Momphy and jumped in his chair, "when class finishes, I shall show you."

"I can show you now," said Mun Mun and slipped down from his chair. He took two marbles from his pocket. Placing one near Omphy Momphy's chair, he aimed with the other marble. PLONK! One marble hit the other. "See!" gloated Mun Mun.

Omphy Momphy slipped down from his chair and joined Mun Mun on the floor.

While all this was going on, all the children nearby were busy watching this new game in class. The teacher watched and waited for some time. Then she got up and walked to where Omphy Momphy and Mun Mun were busy on the floor.

"So!" said, the teacher. "Is this what you do in class?"

Omphy Momphy, who was about to hit the marble, was so surprised that he lost his aim and the marble went off under the tables and chairs.

"I won!" said Mun Mun happily.

"No you did not," said Omphy Momphy. "Teacher spoiled my aim."

"Oh, so I spoiled your aim, did I?" asked the teacher. "I am going to spoil a lot more. Let me see your notebooks."

Silently, Omphy Momphy and Mun Mun handed their notebooks to the teacher. The teacher saw the pages full of 'O's and 'A's, words and drawings.

"Well," she said, "the two of you have been studying in your own way, so I will not scold you. But tell me how you decided to play marbles in class." The teacher waited for an answer.

"I write better than him," said Omphy Momphy, "so I showed him."

"I spell better than him," said Mun Mun, "so I showed him, too."

"I draw better than you," said Omphy Momphy.

"And I play marbles better than you," said Mun Mun loudly.

"Ah!" interrupted the teacher, "so now we know how you suddenly decided to make this class your playground."

The two boys looked at each other. They were in trouble, it seemed. "Give me your marbles," said the teacher. Both the boys silently gave her their marbles. They were feeling sorry at losing their coloured marbles. Omphy Momphy made a sad face at Mun Mun. Mun Mun also shook his head in sorrow. Then they both began to grin at each other. It had been good fun!

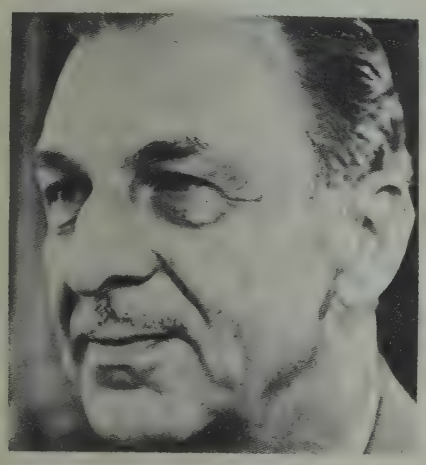
The teacher was quite surprised to see them smiling. "Well," she said, "I hope you too have learnt that everyone has good points and bad points. If Mun Mun is good at spelling. Omphy Momphy is good at drawing."

"But teacher. . ." said the two boys.

The teacher began to laugh. "You can take your marbles after class from me and play your match!"

Thirty years is a long time for a love affair to continue, but **Mr. J. R. D. Tata's** involvement with Air India is just that long. Without charging the Government a single paise, so to say, Mr. Tata has been serving this organisation in a voluntary capacity. No wonder then, that this lover of air travel impressed the delegates at the PATA convention at Delhi with the masterly marshalling of facts about this mode of transport around the world.

No wonder too, that the silent easing out of Mr. Tata from his post of Chairman of Air India and his replacement by Air Marshal P.C. Lal



nas caused both eyebrows and tempers to rise. Reports have it that the easing out is a direct result of Mr. Tata pointing out to Government authorities the fact that enforcement of prohibition on Air India flights would result in a fall in passenger traffic. Whatever the reason, Mr. Tata is out. Though, chances are, Mr. Tata will not let this spoil his affair with Air India, but will remain ready to offer a helping hand when it is needed.

* * *

Not everybody repays debts with the promptness shown by **Dominique Lapierre.** The French writer, one of the famous duo who wrote "Freedom at Midnight", "took from India the facts put together in the book" and decided to return the debt by "giving something back." The return gift is in the form of a Freedom from Leprosy Fund which institutes a prize of Rs. 50,000 to be given once in every three years to an Indian scientist working in India, who makes some outstanding contribution towards the eradication or control of leprosy. By this arrangement, and by the conditions attached to the awarding of the prize, Lapierre has ensured that his money is used continuously for a worthy cause, and also that only an Indian working for Indians benefits by it.

The fund has appropriately, been created out of part of the royalties of the book, which has already sold about four million copies in 26 languages. Eminent personalities like Dr. Sushila Nayar, Mr. Jean Clau de Winckler, French Ambassador to India, and others will constitute the board of directors of the Foundation.

If the fund does its expected job of inspiring some scientist to devote his efforts to fighting leprosy in India, Indians, even those who did not thank the author for his "Freedom at Midnight", will thank him for giving to this country "freedom from leprosy."

* * *

Last time, when the **Shahbanu Farah** of Iran visited India, in 1974, she omitted to visit the Central Cottage Industries Emporium in Delhi. This time, during the visit of the royal couple to India, the Shahbanu made up for her earlier lapse. During a conducted tour-cum-visit to the Emporium, Shahbanu Farah bought a few things that delighted her there. Her list of purchases included eight ivory elephants, an ivory Buddha, and a set of the three wise monkeys, three diamond bangles, a seven-strand pearl necklace and numerous enamel rings. Other items included eight small silver boxes, and cotton and silk kurtas of various sizes for the Shah and their children. Not satisfied with these, the Shahbanu also asked that she be shown other items of jewellery at the Rashtrapati Bhavan. The Emporium personnel obliged. After all, it is not every day that they have a royal visitor on a shopping spree dropping in on them.

* * *

Uday Shankar is dead, but his genius lives on. **Ananda Shankar,** son of the great dancer, has time and again proved himself a worthy inheritor of his father's tradition. And, most recently, at the PATA conference, Ananda Shankar, along with the dancers of the India Culture Centre and Mr. A Fernandez put up a 90-minute show of dances, music and slides, which "brought tears to the eyes of the hardened delegates" by its sheer evocative beauty. The short but eloquent item was so remarkable for its grandeur, its sweep and its majesty; its impact was so lasting that one of the delegates was reported to have remarked that he was "converted to India" on the spot.

* * *

Barbara Streisand and **Robert Redford** were awarded top honours by the film

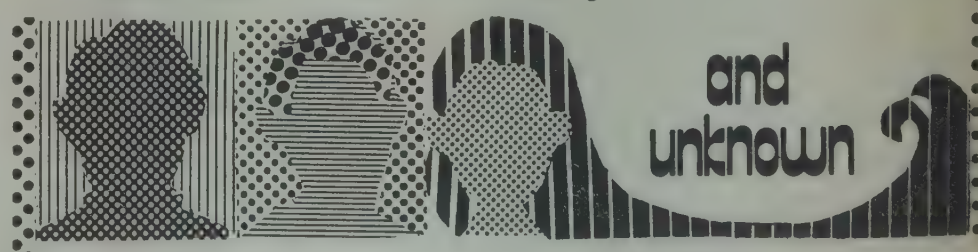
viewing public when they were voted the favourite stars of the year 1977. They were both given the World Film Favourites Award at the well-attended, glittering Awards ceremony of the Hollywood Foreign Press Association held at Hollywood in late January. A survey conducted by Reuters news agency declared them eligible for the Award, which is considered more prestigeous than the awards given to the best actress and best actor of the year.

Another actor who won extra special renown and appreciation was **Richard Burton,** to whom the star-studded audience offered a standing ovation when he went up to recieve his Award for the Best Dramatic Actor for his role of a psychiatrist in "Equus".

* * *

Despite the "Skeletons dragged out of her Cabinet," despite the stone throwing incidents in Karnataka during her recent visit, despite the statements against her by those in power and out of it...and in spite of her being branded as the destoyer of the unity of the Congress, **Indira Gandhi** seems to remain as popular as ever be-

fore in some areas. The ex-P.M. emerged victor and bagged the title of "Indian of the Year" in the "Illustrated Weekly of India" poll. This is the second time she has won the title, the first being in 1975. The reasons for her victory ranged from admiration for her "courage, capacity, ability," to her "boldness," her "goodness" and "sense of justice."



Picking one winner is difficult enough. An unidentified British punter however managed to pick seven winners at a race in London and walked away with £91,836 and the world record for winning a bet at such odds. For, the amount he had put down was a mere ten pence! Which makes the odds a million to one.

The bet was, however, won narrowly, literally by a hair's breadth. The first of the winning horses, "Night Nurse", managed to win by a whisker, making all the difference.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

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FANTASTIC AUDIO-VISUAL SHOW

Shanti Chopra

Son of the immortal Uday Shankar, Ananda has opted for a new road to artistic fame

Ananda and Tanushree Shankar

My first impression of Ananda and Tanushree Shankar was how very young they looked. Yet Ananda was confident and poised as he readily answered whatever question I asked though he did manage to skirt questions which were ticklish. Ananda resembles his uncle Ravi Shankar more than he does his father, the famous Uday Shankar. He is an extremely fluent talker and a real charmer. Obviously talented, he seemed the more dominant partner, while Tanushree looked mild and submissive.

The first thing I asked Ananda was how he had thought of combining the music of the East and West, coming as he did from such a traditional family steeped in the classical arts. With his background it is indeed strange that he is indulging in something so modern. He said he had been abroad several times since he was five and thus had been exposed to Western culture early in his life.

He had been learning classical music from Dr. Lalmani Misra, Head of the Department of Music of the Benaras Hindu University, and working really hard at it. But even as a student he used to innovate, deviating from the beaten path. Though his Guruji encouraged him in this experimentation, he warned Ananda that he was on dangerous ground, that he might outrage the dominant purists, invite ridicule. But at the same time the teacher could recognise the creative talent in Ananda and so did not discourage him.

At this stage Ananda was not sure of what he really wanted to do. It was only in 1968, when he went to America and was staying with his uncle Ravi Shankar, that he saw and realized what a monumental effort it took to master an art and to remain at the top for a decade. And personally I felt that even today Ananda is not sure whether he will be able to reach that perfection and, more importantly, whether it is at all worth the trouble. So, by 1970 he had definitely decided to break away from the tradition of art.

While in America, Ananda got an offer to team up with Jimmy Hendrix. "Man, you and I will make a great team," Jimmy Hendrix told Ananda.

"But I refused even though I knew I could become a celebrity overnight." This is where Ananda showed the Shankar pride. "I want to make good on my own, to make good without even telling anybody that I am Uday Shankar's son," said Ananda.

So he is constantly trying to do something original, something which has not been attempted before; in other words, something which will set him apart. Apparently, when his father was alive, he too encouraged his son's efforts constantly. "The advice he gave me on his death-bed, I will never forget," said Ananda. "'Give the people what they like before they know what they like' was what he said." So Ananda gauged the mood of the times, the pulse of the people, young and old, and came up with his fantastic audio-visual show.

And yet all the trappings of affluence were around us — a glamorous secretary-cum-organiser, a suite at the Taj, etc.

"I am not afraid of failure. I know as long as I work hard, with honesty and sincerity, I will make it," he said.

The audio-visual show presented by Ananda Shankar and his wife Tanushree.

"Money," says Ananda, "does not matter much to me. If I have to do a show on any terms other than my own, I refuse, no matter how much I am being offered for it. Even in films I accept work only on my conditions. I say this because I have received a few film offers, I will never sell my art for money."

Till now he has never had to ask anyone to sponsor his show. It is the sponsors who come to him. He is being flooded with offers to perform at various places. After his highly successful show for PATA, Air-India, along with ITDC, wants him to do his shows all over the world.

His LPs are very popular and, according to present indications, his latest LP, "Missing You", in memory of his father, is on the way to becoming a hit. So, today Ananda is successful, confident and full of hopes and aspirations for the future.

Tanushree, on the other hand, is quiet by comparison. When I went to see them she was in bed with a temperature of 102°. And yet I saw her that evening on the stage dancing with her usual verve and grace. This is the price artistes have to pay for the sake of their art. At this stage Ananda told me of the time his sister was getting married. The marriage date was fixed unexpectedly on a day when Ananda was scheduled to perform a concert. And much as Ananda loved his only sister, he could not make it to the wedding as it was just not possible to cancel the show. To him work is worship.

Ananda was first attracted to Tanushree when she was learning dancing from his mother. Slowly, his admiration for her grew into love and Tanushree responded fully. Ananda wanted a wife who was smart, could move in any kind of society and yet be able to share in all his artistic ventures. And Tanu, being an Army doctor's daughter, with a keen interest in dancing and singing, fitted his ideal to perfection. So it was that Ananda spoke of her with pride in his voice and a glow on his face.

Films have made a claim on Tanushree also. She has acted the herione's role in the film "Swati", a sentimental and romantic Bengali film. It's been a rage in Calcutta and she has had innumerable offers since then to act. But she feels she will not get the kind of satisfaction in films which she gets on the stage. In the show which they staged in Bombay the entire choreography was done by Tanushree. She complements Ananda beautifully and they form a perfect team

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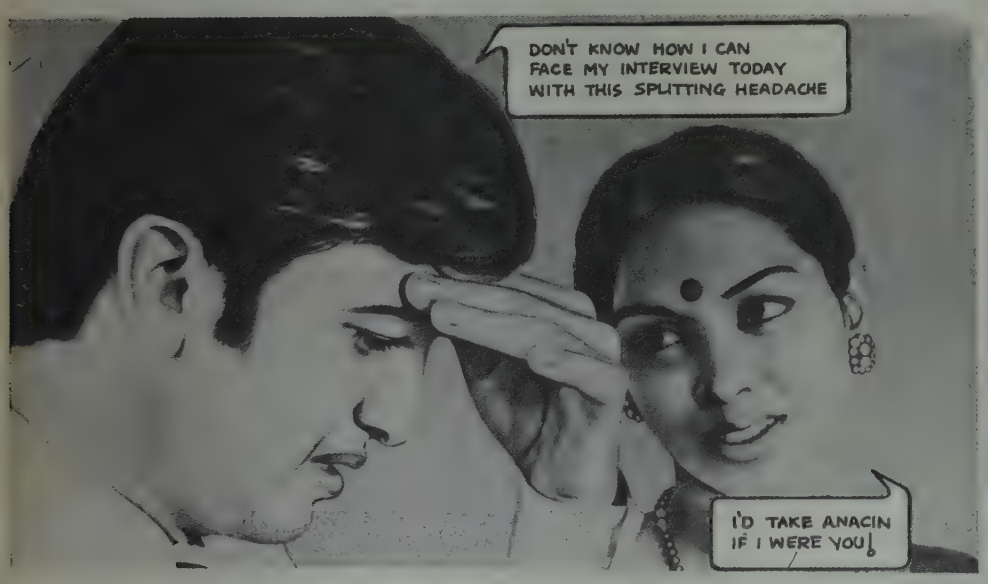

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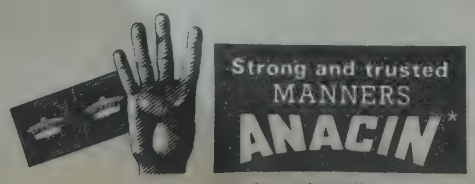

UMESH YOGA DARSHAN

(Part II)

Author :

Yogiraj Shri Umesh Chandraji

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This is an excellent TREATISE on YOGA, providing lucidly written information on such subjects as 'Pranayama' (Breath Control), Abstraction, Concentration, Meditation and various stages of 'Samadhi' (Super-Conscious state) with clear illustrations.

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SHRI RAMTIRTH YOGASHRAM

THE KUAN-YIN FOUNDATION

Continued from page 12

Helke indignantly protests at the suggestion that adopted children may be used for labour in a country where domestic help is at a premium. "Of course all the children are expected to help in the housework, but then so are my natural children."

Helke maintains that genuine love for children is the only factor that drives people to adopt children. From the time a couple in a foreign country decide to adopt a child they have to start sending a sum for his monthly maintainence till he reaches them. They also agree to underwrite any medical expenses on his behalf, the legal expenses covering the obtaining of his release from local authorities, the air fare and other incidental expenses like warm clothing if he is to arrive in winter. The family receives a detailed report on whatever is known of the background of the child, of any medical complications he may have, of his temperamental disposition, etc. If the child is old enough, letters might be exchanged, and photographs, certainly. The financial and emotional commitment lays the basis for establishing a relationship even before the actual first meeting.

Adoptive parents have been known to fly down to India to acquaint themselves with the child's heritage, before taking their foundling to his new home. Many more plan a visit with their child in later years. Most claim they would be happy if, as an adult, the child opted to return to the country of his birth.

Since its inception in 1972, the Kuan-Yin Foundation has placed several hundred children from South-East and South Asia into adoptive homes in North America. Nearly 70 children have been sent from India alone which in 1977 included several medical cases such as Shehnaz who was born with an extrophy of the bladder requiring corrective surgery, Pakheeza, a victim of severe polio, Benedicta, a hunchback, and Ramchandra who was suspected of having spinal T.B. as a result of malnutrition. In addition to the adoption programme, it also undertakes to provide medical, surgical and psychiatric care for ill or traumatised children who may remain with their natural parents. KYL partly financed an open heart surgery in Houston, Texas, for Veera a seven-year-old girl from Bombay. It also runs charitable dispensaries in remote areas where little or no medicare is otherwise available. One such dispensary is being run at the foothills of the Himalayas in Uttar Pradesh.

The ambitious programme is particularly commendable when it is realised that the organization is run entirely on voluntary donations. Indeed, only the work of patient and dedicated socially-minded individuals with warm affection for children makes it possible. And what can be more rewarding than to save a child from a lifetime of begging, which for many would be the only alternative?

ADOPTING INDIAN KIDS

Continued from page 13

ing at people and abusing them. Her poor bewildered foster-mother was specially singled out for insults. In another case, a little girl had to be taught the right to be angry, for she had never learnt to protest or defend herself.

Another problem that parents faced with these children was the enormous appetites that they suddenly developed. They gorged themselves silly with food as though every meal were their last and then invariably fell sick. Most of the above mentioned were symptoms of insecurity in these children, said Mrs. Andersson. But within a year or so they settled down very well — thanks to the patience and loving care of their parents.

But what surprised and pleased me was that once they began leading normal, healthy lives, these children grew into highly intelligent and sensible young people. Most of them did better than a lot of their Swedish counterparts at school. Even at home they were obedient and helpful. These qualities were perhaps a part of their Indian inheritance.

The families I met were very proud of the rapid progress of their foster children.

Was there any colour discrimination against these children? There was no discrimination Mrs. Andersson told me, but she had a curious complaint to make which other parents shared with her. Their brown skins attracted a lot of attention on the streets, she said. They were "admired" much more than was healhty for them. This made them rather conscious of the difference in their colour compared to the Swedes.

There have been certain cases where they have been jokingly referred to as "niggers" by their school mates. But these cases were rare. These children grew up as normal, intelligent, Swedish citizens, were admired for their "oriental beauty" and far from finding it a problem to secure a marriage partner, were generally pursued enthusiastically by the opposite sex. In fact, one family was already thinking of ways and means of protecting their pretty ten-year-old Indian daughter from future onslaughts by the wolves of the locality!

She was also sore about a report that had been published in the 'Indian Express of Dec. 31, 1976, regarding the adoption of Indian babies in Sweden. The paper carried the photograph of a foreigner, Mrs. Andersson herself according to the caption, patting a baby in the Shraddhananda Mahila Ashram in Bombay, after having "chosen" it for adoption.

"First of all, that was NOT my photograph," she said indignantly. "Secondly, I resent the word 'choose'! It is they (the institutions) who choose parents for these children, and not the other way around! Swedish families accept any normal baby that is offered them (given of course their preference for its sex and age). Families that are fussy are rejected by the Adoptioncentrum". she declared categorically.

Most of the children had been told about their Indian origin and their adoption by their parents. They reacted wonderfully to this honest approach of the parents and if anything loved and respected them all the more for it. Most of those that I met felt instinctively a kinship with me and expressed a desire to visit India. Their parents too were determined to take them to India sometime in the near future. In fact one of the mothers had even decided to take her daughter to the old home from which she was brought.

One wonders if this isn't an unwise decision, taking into consideration the poor maintenance of these homes. It might give the child a nasty shock which could have repercussions on her life.

Anna is now a bonny two-year-old. I keep receiving letters from her ever grateful and ecstatic parents about her progress from crawling to waddling to cutting teeth. Her size is now normal for her age and she has even started speaking a little Swedish!

Devi

When comedienne Priti Ganguly posed a threat to Asrani, the guy should have just switched over to a villain's role. He is so good at it. But instead, he grabbed the megaphone to keep the camera on his own face and Bindiya Goswami's back in "Chala Murari Hero Ban-ne".

The film is nothing but a picture of Asrani's complexes — to dress like Rajesh Khanna, be a superstar like Amitabh and sound like Jaya. Says he in the film, "These journalists and chamchas are home-breakers, etc."

* * *

Though Hema Malini's films are opening with tame bookings (there is no initial star draw), she is assured of one

HEMA'S LOYAL PRODUCER

faithful producer who has signed her even though she dished out a super flop for the producer -- Mrs. Jaya Chakravarty, her mummy. But mummy has been clever to add curly-wurly chakli Bindiya (adopted daughter) to the cast.

* * *

Much as Hema and Neetu may insist that their thrown away roles are picked up by Reena, Sulakshana, Zarina, Zaherra, Ranjeeta, the public is more than happy with the "pick up" girls.

Actually, because of Reena and Sulakshana, "Apnapan" has picked up. Zarina Wahab managed to pick up Ramesh Narang and go shopping to London and Zaherra, after "Niaz and Namaz" ("Santoshi Ma" type success), they say, will be able to afford the expensive operation of her vocal chords, by which she can exchange her heavy voice for a dainty one to match her delicate features.

* * *

Rose Movies' "Kasme Vaade" disc distribution function by Polydor was like a game of musical pillows. No, they did not pass on a Rakhee, but the disc was passed from Ramesh Behl, to Amitabh, to Jaya, etc. Honestly, can't filmdom think of more adult games?

people and events

At the annual Interline Ball held by the Bombay Interline Club, contestants from 15 airlines participated in the Beauty Queen Contest. Seen from left on the occasion are Mrs. Lahiji, Mr. Mansoor Lahiji, Miss Andrea Newcastle, (Iran Air) 1st runner up, Miss Frainy Ardeshir, (also Iran Air) Interline Queen, Mr. S. Soulati and Mr. G. Asgarian.

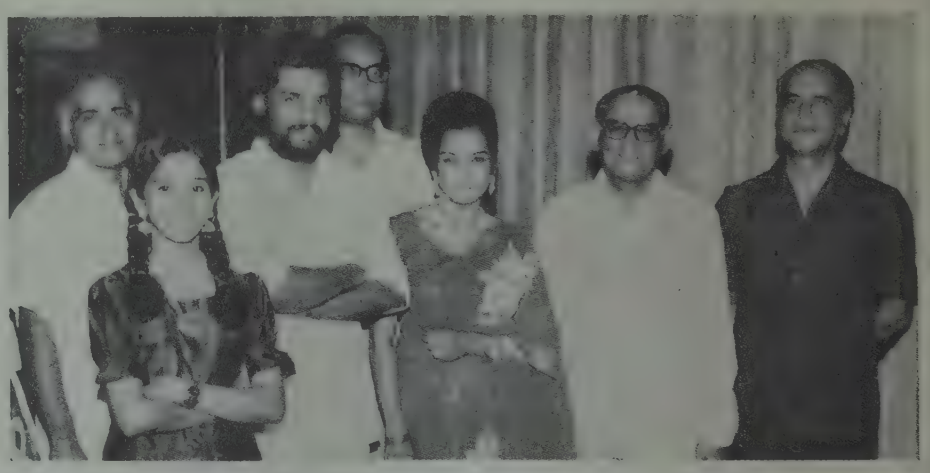
At a dinner hosted jointly by the Oberoi-Sheraton, Bombay and Qantas, at O S H, are seen from left Mr. Aroon Mehta, manager, Qantas, Mr. Abdullah Husseini, consul-general for Qatar, Mr. Zakir Chinwalla, deputy sales manager, Qantas, Mrs. Nina Mehta, Mr. A. Siddiqi, general manager, Oberoi Sheraton and Mrs. Toni Siddiqi, asst. mgr., guest relations, OSH.

At the nurses' graduation ceremony of the Leelabai Thackersey College of Nursing, Bombay, are seen from left Mrs. Annamma Prabhakar, reader of the college, Mrs. G. Sigamany, principal, Dr. Madhuri Shah, vice-chancellor, SNDT, Mayor Mr. Murli Deora, chief guest, and Dr. Jyoti Trivedi, Dean, Faculty of L. T. College.

LEFT: At the Polar Dance festival held in Calcutta are seen Mr. Chitresh Das (ext. left) with his American troupe and Mr. S. K. Agarwal of Polar Fan Industries (centre).

BELOW RIGHT: At K. J. Jesudas' music performance held in Madras in aid of the Madras School of Social Work, are seen from left, Mr. K. N. George, director, the Madras School of Social Work, Sujata, (who also sang), Jesudas, Mr. Bhola, Mrs. Coco Malhan, Mr. D. C. Kothari and Mr. Bhatra.

BELOW: PATA spouses seen at the Spouses' Lunch hosted by Mr. J. R. D. Tata at Hotel Maurya in Delhi.



ABOVE: Karnataka Governor Govind Narain inaugurates the Triennial Conference of the National Council of Women in India at Bangalore. From left are seen: Polly Aiyappa, vice-president, Vijayalakshmi Ramanna, secretary, the Governor, Raksha Saran, national president and Vimla Seshadri, president, Bangalore branch.

bombay

An unforgettable experience in sound was presented by Jazz India at the Rang Bhavan from February 12-18 — Jazz Yatra '78, the world's first festival of Indo-Afro-American music.

Some of the greatest musicians of the world — Don Ellis, Sonny Rollins, Clark Terry and Joe Williams from U.S.A.; Sadao Watanabe from Japan; Laboratrium from Poland and India's Asha Puthli and others—gave live performances.

And for the first time in India, sophisticated electronic equipment, flown in from Germany, was used.

A five-day festival of Indian classical dance and music, featuring Ustad Vilayat Khan, Zakir Hussain and others, was organized for the benefit of the visiting musicians.

Jazz India had presented "Electric Haze-2" a rock concert, earlier, featuring "The Waterfront", "Atomic Forest Revival", "Sugarfoot" and Nandu Bhende. The first three are rock groups. Singer Nandu Bhende was backed by the Atomic Forest Revival. The concert was organised and directed by Hoory Marolia and coordinated by Nandu Bhende.

* * *

The Maharashtra State Nurses' Welfare Association organised a Bombay Nurses' Convention.

The Convention highlighted the organisation and unity of the nursing community attached to all the hospitals in Bombay. The Convention also adopted a Charter of demands.

Most of the demands by the nurses were very basic, relating to their salary grades, dearness pay and allowances, mess, travelling, house rent and other allowances, family quarters near hospitals, duty hours and medical facilities. They also demanded creches for their children and grants for their education, uniform holidays and emoluments for all nurses, wherever they may be employed, the application of the Industrial Disputes Act to their disputes (since they would rather avoid going on strike) and making up the shortage of nurses so that the nurse: patient ratio is 1:5.

* * *

A celebrity concert will be held jointly with Max Mueller Bhavan and the Time & Talents Club on March 8, at the Homi Bhabha Auditorium, by the Melos Quartet of Stuttgart, a well known ensemble.

The Quartet's players are Wilhelm Melcher (1st violin), Gerhard Voss (2nd violin), Hermann Voss (viola) and Peter Buck (cello), all in their 30s. According to world press reviews, the Melos Quartet "have opened a new horizon for Quartets. Today they determine the standards and set the pace." Tickets for Rs. 15, 10, and Rs. 5 will be available at the Victory Stall.

* * *

Shirley Shivdasani, a young housewife who paints as a hobby, held her first exhibition of paintings recently. She also had readymade salwar-kurtas and shirts on display. The exhibition went off well considering the fact that this was her first effort, organised entirely on her own.

* * *

A youth delegation from Assam was invited to Bombay under the youth exchange programme of Yuvak Biradari. The 30 young artists belonging to the Pragati Shilpi Sangh, Assam, stayed with families in Bombay, so that they could observe the Maharashtrian way of life and culture. They were taken on a tour of Maharashtra. On their first day, a reception was arranged by Asha Parikh, a member of Yuvak Biradari's governing council. The Pragati Shilpi Sangh presented a programme of Life in Assam which was a very pleasant experience.

* * *

'Kabari' or Calcutta presented their collection of printed silk, satin, cotton, and chiffon sarees, Bengal handlooms and jewellery at the Aakar Art Gallery. The sarees being popular among Bombayites, the exhibition, an annual affair, was very successful.

calcutta

Anamika Kala Sangam presented three of the country's well-known dancers in the Polar Dance Festival. Their experiment in combining the traditional forms of pure dance with modern expression was demonstrated in Sanjukta Panigrahi's performance. This Odissi dancer performed to the tunes of Tagore's songs and the bhajans of Tulsidas. Sonal Mansingh performed episodes from Ramcharit Manas. Mr. Chitresh Das showed his expertise in Kathak, and also presented his American pupils in his creation "Chandan".

Mr. Nihar Ranjan Roy inaugurated the three day festival.

bangalore

The Triennial conference 1978 of the National Council of Women in India was hosted by the Bangalore Branch at Hotel West End with Governor Govind Narain and Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain as chief guests. The conference honoured Mrs. Ela Bhatt, winner of the Ramon Magsaysay Award.

Governor Govind Narain said that although substantial progress has been made in improving women's status, a lot of propaganda is required to make women aware of the laws that guard their rights, particularly in rural areas. Mrs. Chandra Narain urged women to take the initiative in setting up small business enterprises.

Mrs. Ela Bhatt said that of late there has been a decline in the status of women, in terms of the decreasing percentage of educated and employed women, as also the increase in female infant and adult mortality.

delhi

An exhibition on "The Future of Mankind" was held by the Prajapita Brahma Kumaris Ishwariya Vishwa-Vidyalaya at the AIFACS Hall. The exhibition had a rare collection of pictures, charts and models from India and other countries including the U. K., West Germany, Mauritius, and Australia, depicting various aspects of spirituality, God-realisation, attainment of divinity, mental health, peace of mind and happiness in life. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Brijlal Verma, Union Minister for Communications. Sheikh Abdullah, the Chief Minister of Kashmir, was the chief guest. The exhibition was followed by a five-day conference by the Brahma Kumaris on the "Future of Mankind."

As part of the conference, an All-India art competition was also organised, for which paintings on five selected topics were invited. The panel of six judges included Prof. Baburao Sadwalkar, Director of Arts, Maharashtra State and Mr. Ramesn Sanzgiri, Art Director, the Times of India.

From among the 192 exhibits received, the first prize went to Mr. Ashwin Mody, the second to Mr. Mahadeo Ingle and the third to Mr. Jalendu Dave. Five entries received consolation prizes.

world of eve

SAROJA VAIDYANATHAN

Saroja Vaidyanathan is one of those rare cases who, after having lost touch with Bharat Natyam for ten years is now popular both as a leading Bharata Natyam exponent and teacher in Delhi. "My ultimate hope is to establish a residential centre for Performing Arts in Delhi's suburbs," she says.

Saroja was inducted into the then customary training in music and Bharata Natyam when just six years old. Seeing her talent, her parents put her under specialised training for six years during which Saroja enriched her repertoire, mastered nattuvangam and choreography and won the title of "Natya Tilakam". She also acquired a Diploma in Carnatic Music.

Her marriage to an IAS Officer from Bihar at first gave Saroja an opportunity to pursue her commitment. But as the family grew, she was forced to leave the stage, though she continued to teach.

Saroja resumed her stage career with dance recitals abroad. In Delhi now, Saroja is the Director of Ganesha Natyala. Her speciality is mytholoyagical ballets.

PREM KUMARI 'RASHMI'

Among the organisations of painters recently started in Kanpur, 'Tulika' is remarkable in being an exclusively female one—the first of its kind here.

The credit for organising Tulika goes to Mrs. Prem Kumari 'Rashmi'. Rashmi took her Master's degree in painting in 1969, and has since continued her artistic pursuits with growing enthusiasm. She works as an Art lecturer in a local college. She already has a very good collection of paintings executed on oils as well as in tempera.

In her paintings, 'Rashmi's approach is essentially figurative. The influence of the Italian master Carravaggio is seen in her work. Sometimes her palette is brilliant, sometimes sombre and dark. 'Rashmi' has tried abstract idioms, but it is her realistic work which truly reflects her personality.

hi ya honey!

HOW MUCH I gave up for her sake!

By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, I am an unhappy man. Life for me is no longer the gay, free, do-as-you-please time it was as a bachelor. I am what some may term neurotic. I became neurotic only after my marriage. I don't know what happens to men who marry a second or a third time. How can they? They never learn, but just live to regret it. I think the only persons who benefit from marriage are the bride and her parents, especially her scheming mother.

I am now aware of this caged-in atmosphere wherever I go. I remember how as a bachelor I would walk into a party and before the first whisky found its way down, I was surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls. I would talk to them, laugh, hug or kiss them, depending upon their looks and size, without even a thought in the world. What is more, I would go home happy and free as a bird, to fly to pastures new the next evening.

Today, when I walk into a party, ladies who would have nomally hovered around me, slink into corners to avoid me, occasionally coming up with a quick hello if the wife is not looking. The fun of the party, if any, is further damaged by the thought that some petty movement or look might start the usual implications in the wife's feeble mind, resulting in a silent drive home and separate beds.

Wives seldom seem to realise the things we husbands had to give up on that fateful day. In my own case, my mother-in-law insisted that I give up the motorbike. No, she was not interested in my safety, but "what will happen to my daughter if you have an accident?" I have given up late parties, burnt beautiful pictures of girl friends. I have now to wear ties and matching socks and put back clothes when I return no matter how tired I am.

I have given up the company of young and pretty girls, females with a sense of humour, who think nothing of being kissed and hugged on special occasions. I now keep the company of mature women with false teeth and other parts to match. I haven't seen a pretty, wrinkleless face for years. In the past, my female friends kept our secrets. Today if I so much as wink at Mrs. D'Costa she will immediately report it to my wife, just to prove that she is young and winkable.

I have not had the pleasure of a dance with a 36-34-36 for a long time now. Today I have to dance with females who are mature in more ways than one. They cannot concentrate on the dance what with having to keep the eye lashes stuck and rubber attachments in places. I generally end up dancing with females who weigh on the better side of 200 lbs and whose prime necessity is rearrangement of the flesh.

In the early days of my marriage, it was okay. She was interested in me. I remember those days. When I returned from office, she used to ask, "How was the day in the office dear?" I knew then that she was interested in me and my work. Today the same question could well mean, "How much time did you spend with Yasmin?"

As a bachelor, I was full of youth and vitality. My eyes were alert, and I could observe pretty girls anywhere without even moving my head. Today, due to constant surveillance, my eyeballs are stationary and even if I chance to see a pretty female, a message from my brain, actuated by fear, is immediately dispatched to the the eyes, "Drop the view and proceed."

Burdened by all these thoughts I don't have the time for exercise. I want to look young and trim, but then she will want to know why. My waistline is beginning to bulge and this sends me into periods of depression. In the past, sweet young things used to address me as "Hi there, handsome!" Or, "Where have you been lately? Missed you terribly." This would activate all the 16 muscles in the face and I would have the smile of a happy man. Today teenagers have begun to address me as "uncle" and 59 muslces take complete charge and I begin to frown. I have a grouse against the world. I am a neurotic husband.

Until next time then.

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF MARCH 11,1978

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

WOMEN AND PERSONAL LAW

- The population of India is divided legally by the personal laws that govern different religious sections. Many of these laws have undergone little or no change over the years.
- Bigamy and/or polygamy are illegal (except for Muslims) according to our laws. Yet the practice continues, chiefly in the economically backward classes, but also among the affluent and educated.
- Free legal aid or, at least, cheap legal advice, is absolutely necessary if rights under law are to mean anything in a country like ours, where the vast majority of people live under economic constraints.
- Women in the legal profession and their experiences and problems.

FASHION OF THE MONTH

The fourth in the series.

Hum-drum Dinners turn Yum-Yum with Amul Cheese!

Amul Cheese Moussaka

2 cups prepared mince
2 large tomatoes • 1 large brinjal
2 large potatoes (sliced round and fried)

For Cheese Sauce

1 tbsp butter • 2 tbsp flour
1 cup milk • Salt • Pepper
Prepared mustard
4-6 tbsp grated Amul Cheese
1 small onion

Melt butter. Saute onion till light brown. Add flour and fry lightly. Add milk gradually stirring continuously till sauce thickens. Add Cheese and seasoning. Stir till Cheese melts.

To prepare Moussaka

Line base and sides of a well-greased ovenproof dish with fried potatoes. Roast brinjal and remove skin. Chop roasted flesh. Blanch, peel and chop tomatoes. Fry tomatoes and brinjals and add seasoning. Put half the quantity of mince on top of potatoes. Arrange tomato-brinjal mixture over it. Cover with rest of mince. Pour Cheese Sauce on top. Bake in a moderate oven till Sauce has set. Serve hot or cold with green salad.

Amul Cheese Panir Masala

500 gm Amul Cheese Chiplets, cubed • 1 large onion
2 flakes garlic • Ginger, 5 cm piece
Tomato puree of 5 tomatoes
Butter for frying ginger
1 tsp coriander seeds
1 tbsp cummin seeds
1 tbsp cornflour • 1 cup milk
Fat for masala

Grate onion, garlic, ginger and fry in fat till brown. Add coriander and freshly ground cummin paste. Fry again for two minutes. Now add tomato puree to masala. When masala is well blended and leaves grease, pour cornflour which has been diluted in milk, cook for some time. When boiled add 2 cm pieces of Cheese to masala. Just before serving fry finely-sliced ginger in butter and pour over the dish. For exotic glamour, cover with silver foil !

Amul Cheese Alu-Mosaru

4 potatoes (medium)
2 cups thick curds
50 gm grated Amul Cheese
Salt • Pepper

Peel the skin and boil potatoes well. Mash, add salt and pepper. Mix with grated Cheese. Put this in the curd. Mix well. Serve with puris, chappatis or rice.

Amul Cheese Meal-In-One

4 large slices of toast
4 big slices fried bacon
4 large tomatoes, peeled and sliced thickly
2 tbsp French Dressing
1 cup Cheese Sauce
(as for Amul Cheese Moussaka above)
4 eggs

Arrange toast on the baking sheet. Cover each with bacon, tomato and French Dressing. Now poach four eggs. Place an egg on each toast, pour quarter cup thick Cheese Sauce on each of them. Grill, lightly. Serve at once.

Amul Cheese Mornay Cutlets

½ loaf of luncheon meat
2 cups flour • 55 gm butter
½ pint milk
150 gm Amul Cheese Powder
150 gm fresh white breadcrumbs
6 potato crisps, crushed

Make a very thick sauce with butter, flour and milk. Add Cheese Powder and fresh white bread-crumbs, Cut luncheon meat into small pieces and mix gently into sauce. When cold, form the mixture into cutlet-shape and coat in crushed potato crisps. Serve hot by heating under grill.

400 gm Amul Cheese Tin for economy

450 gm Amul Cheese Powder for instant Cheese flavour

250 gm Amul Cheese Chiplets (25 gm each for convenience)

CHEESE NUTRITION

Cheese is more than flavour. It is a source of high quality protein as good as meat or fish. And what's more, protein in cheese is pre-digested, therefore easily assimilable by children, invalids and convalescents! Cheese has 23% protein and is rich in calcium and Vitamin A content. 8 volumes of milk reduce to 1 volume of cheese. Good, rich nutrition that makes a splendid meal.

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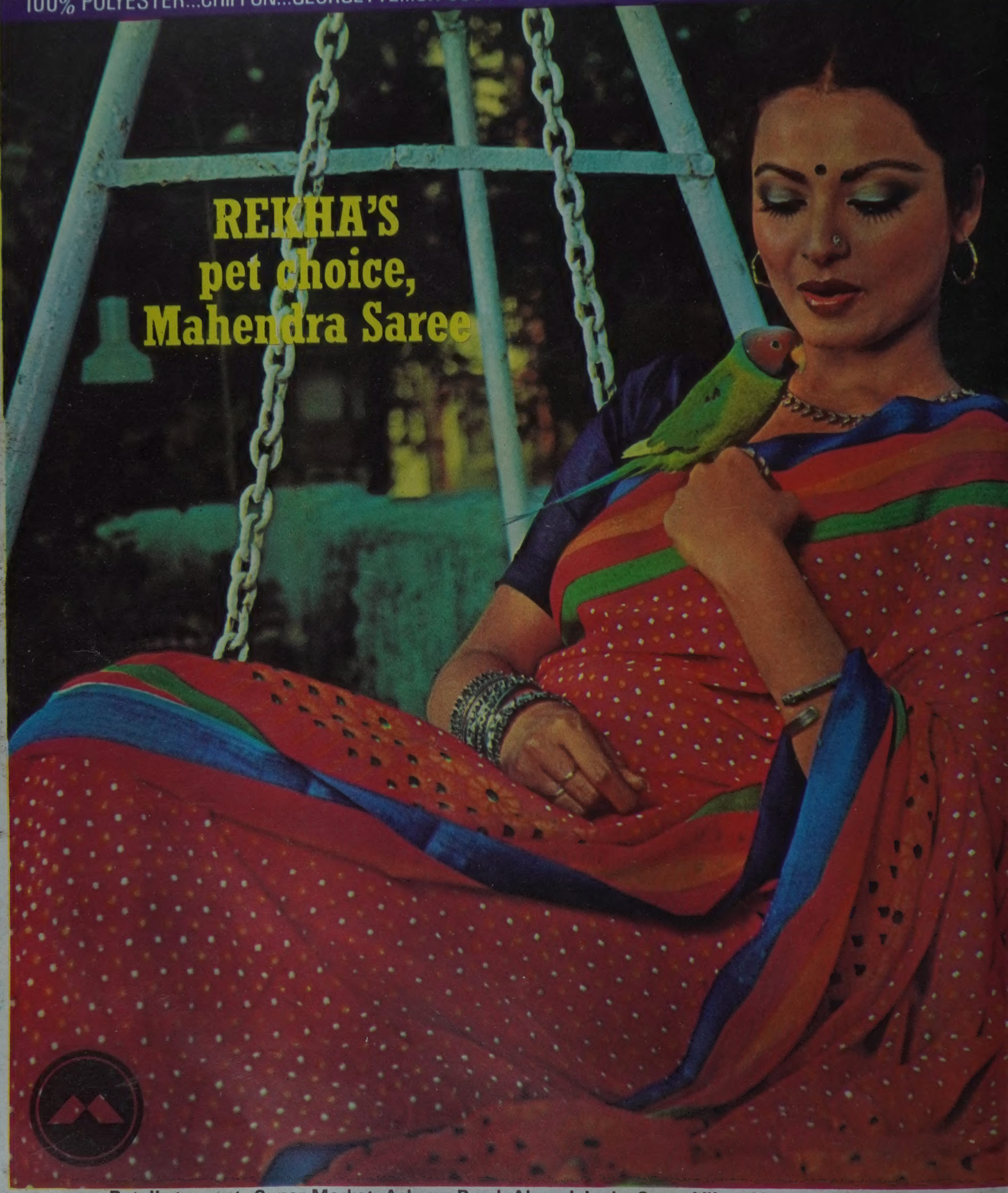

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